Vol. 42 No. 2 FEBRUARY 5, 1990 49145 $1.95

RDER IN
ARAGUA, p. 22

AIDS: Not a Heterosexual Plague, p. 50

NATIONAL REVIEW

THE FEDERAL DRUGSTORE

Why Legalizing Drugs Won't Mean More Addicts: A Provocative Interview with the Leading Expert

UNQUIET GRAVES

WHY JOHNNY'S NOT ANTI-COMMUNIST

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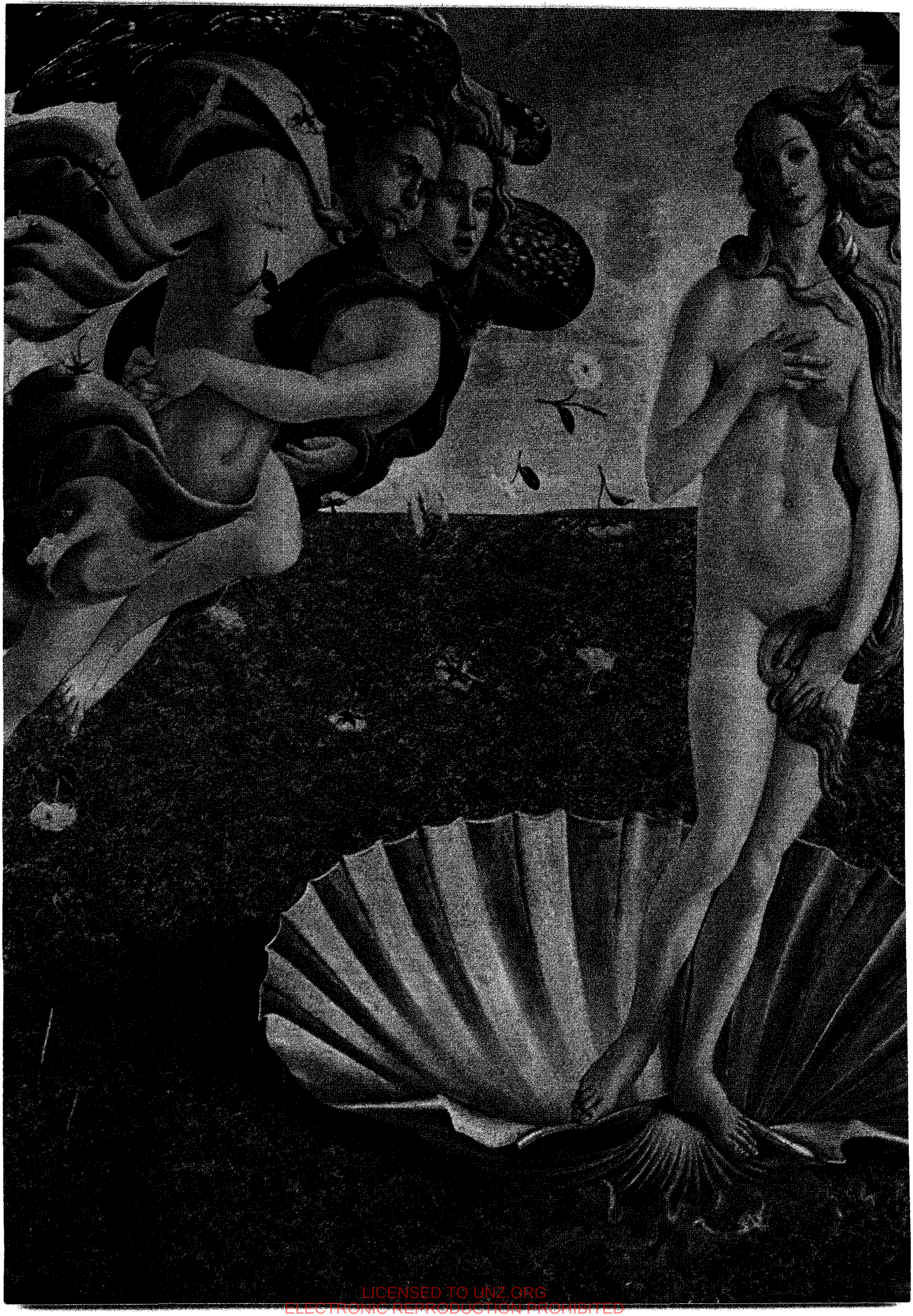

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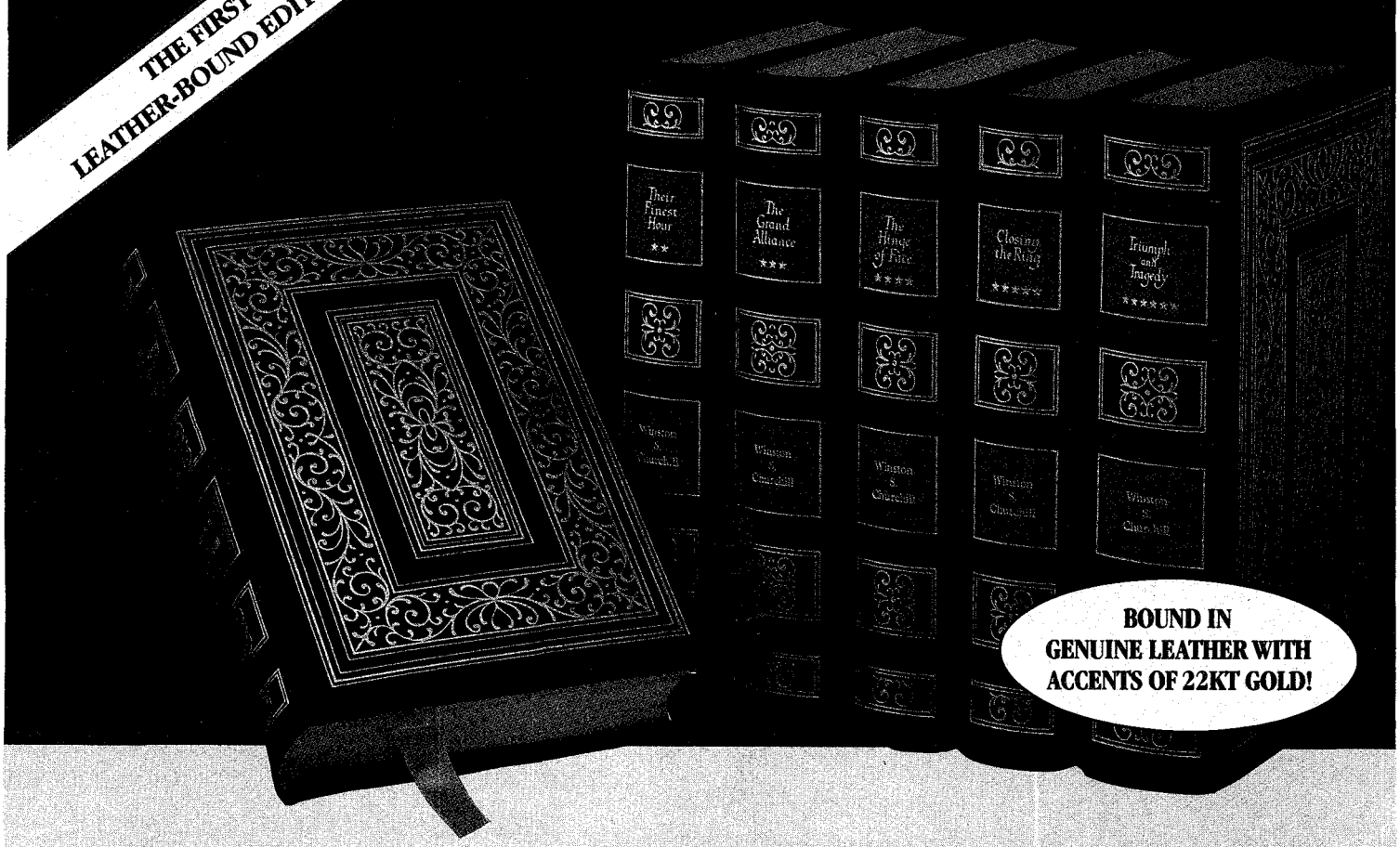
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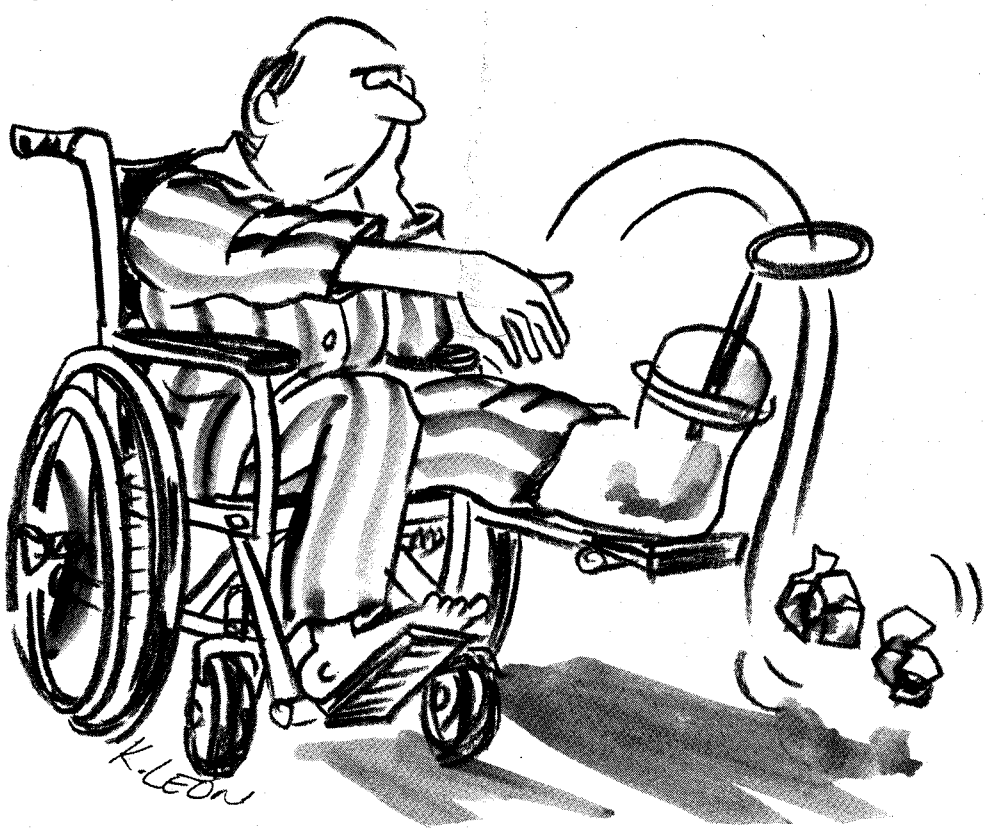

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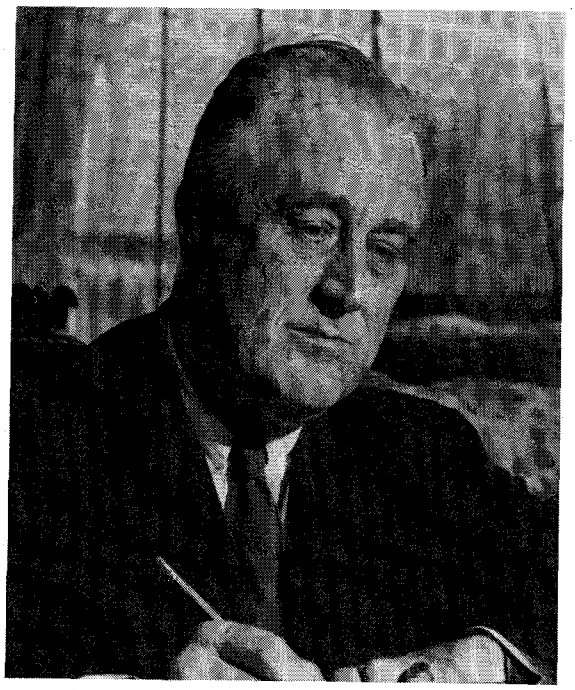

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FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

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NATIONAL REVIEW

FEBRUARY 5, 1990 VOL. XLII, NO. 2

Cover Story

34 ***The Federal Drugstore***
Why does America have a drug problem—and what is its exact nature? We discuss the nature of addiction, the difference between addiction and consumption, and the relationship between drug abuse and despair with Professor **Michael S. Gazzaniga**. In the end, we consider the beginnings of a better approach.

Articles

22 ***On the Scene***
In preparation for the upcoming Nicaraguan elections, the Sandinistas are busy making sure their opponents don't have a leg to stand on—literally, reports **L. Brent Bozell III**. . . . With jaundiced eye, **David Brudnoy** examines Boston's hue and cry over the Stuart murder and its aftermath. . . . World-traveler (and masochist) **Anthony Daniels** compares modern Vietnam to the land of milk and honey promised by the antiwar movement.

27 ***The Unquiet Graves of Yalta***
Did Roosevelt and Churchill appease Stalin by sending seventy thousand anti-Communists back to Russia in 1945? If not, who did? With "from Yalta to Malta" in the air, **Alistair Horne** discusses the dangers of conspiracy theories—as raised in the greatest libel trial of all time.

44 ***Why Johnny's Not Anti-Communist***
Arch Puddington discovers the reason youth yawn at the death of Communism: no one has told them what it is. A hallmark of modern pedagoguery is the belief that "peace studies" are more important than history, and that "understanding" Communism is more important than understanding it.

Cover illustration by Bob Rowe

Books, Arts & Manners

47 **Joe Mysak** argues that the, well, *problems* in *The Diary of H.L. Mencken* are nothing special; what's remarkable is just how afraid of *problems* we are these days. . . . **Charles Nicol** is very nearly overwhelmed by *Acts of Recovery: Essays on Politics and Culture*, Jeffrey Hart's argument for (and example of) criticism that both dissects and loves the West. . . . **Francis Rocca** finds Michael Fumento's *The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS* a remarkable look at interest-group absurdity and the politics of hysteria. . . . **David Yount** recommends *Nina's Journey: A Memoir of Stalin's Russia and the Second World War*, a compelling personal panorama of unprecedented tragedy. . . . You may not like Mike Royko's politics, but his latest book again proves, at least to the satisfaction of **John R. Coyne Jr.**, that Chicago's premier columnist has style. . . . If Mario Vargas Llosa isn't a novelist of the very first rank, **George Sim Johnston** believes *The Storyteller* still shows a stronger sense of the dilemma of modern man than anything else being written today. . . . **John Simon** discovers four and a half films worth seeing.

Sections

6 ***Letters***
10 ***From the Editor***
11 ***On the Record***
12 ***The Week***
42 help
53 ***Random Notes***
60 ***Trans-O-Gram***
62 ***On the Right***
64 ***Off the Record***

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. National Review, Inc., 1990. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P.O. Box 96639, Washington, D.C. 20077-7471; phone, 800-222-6806, Monday–Friday, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Eastern time. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct all display and classified advertising questions to The Leadership Network at 212-684-5500.

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LETTERS

Curing an Ailing Times

Richard John Neuhaus's diagnosis of the illness afflicting the *New York Times* is correctly named "prelate envy" ["Those Turbulent Bishops," Dec. 31]. Yet I would suggest that it is a symptom, rather than the disease itself. What then ails the editorial board and, indeed, a vocal portion of our society?

The malady is none other than secular humanism. During a time in which the leader of an officially atheistic state deliberates with the Pope, highly regarded as the leading moral voice in the world, and concedes to the need of the spiritual and religious dimension in the life of the state, voices in our press proclaim just the converse.

The bishops of the Church espouse not merely doctrines, but an attitude affecting the manner in which the cosmos and human beings are viewed. A two-thousand-year tradition is the core of a magisterium that praises the interpersonal relationship of a Divine Creator who has condescended to take on an incarnate presence, reflected through the ages by the ministry of the Church. It is the Divine Creator who stands at the epicenter of the dialogue. The *Times* and the spiritual wasteland reflected in secular humanism would object and proclaim the opposite.

The bishops remind society that the divine spark within every human being necessitates a dignity inherent to each individual, and that certain decisions and choices run counter, and, indeed, may even blaspheme the dignity of both creature and Creator.

In spite of the *Times*'s objection, the bishops concur with the mission of the Church as illustrated in the first encyclical letter of Pope John Paul II (*Redemptor Hominis*):

> She [the Church] must likewise be aware of the threats to man and of all that seems to oppose the endeavor "to make human life ever more human" and make every element of his life correspond to man's true dignity—in a word, she must be aware of all that is opposed to that process.

Hard medicine to swallow? Yes. Yet it is the only adequate treatment to cure what ails the *Times*.

Reverend John E. Lazar
Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal
Ridgewood, N.Y.

An Abortion Test

Ernest van den Haag is usually so sensible, but his abortion piece is a real shocker ["Abortion: The Debate, the Politics, the Morality," Dec. 22]. Let me help his thinking by the following multiple-choice question:

Whenever a woman is pregnant, what best describes what she is pregnant with? Choose one.

a) pre-human tissue
b) none of your business
c) a non-sentient embryo
d) products of conception
e) a fetus feeling no pain
f) only a fertilized ovum
g) a developing human being

This quiz might also help Republicans.

James C. Neely, MD
San Francisco, Calif.

A Point of Contention

Behind Ernest van den Haag's *apologia* for legal abortion lie some misrepresentations.

He offers a peculiar biology lesson, the gist of which is the counter-intuitive notion that the human embryo is not human, but "pre-human" and only later acquires "human characteristics."

Human beings deserve rights because they are human beings; they acquire particular rights—to drive, to vote, etc.—when they can handle them. There is one right, however, that can be handled without lessons or experience: the right to live. We exercise it naturally from the moment we are conceived.

Van den Haag asserts that sometimes it may not "be in the best interest of the fetus to be born. Surely that is the case if the fetus is . . . likely to live a short or abnormally painful life." But is he really concerned about the interests of the fetus? Whatever the interests of a fetus may be, I doubt they include death by dismemberment or saline poisoning.

Finally, indulging the wishful contention that it is impossible to recriminalize abortion, he distorts public opinion, claiming that "most Americans do not believe that abortion should be a crime," though an "intense minority" think it is "murder." The most extensive poll to date (conducted by the *Los Angeles Times*) yielded this report: "Indeed, a large majority—57 per cent—think 'abortion is murder' . . . Only 35 per cent disagree." A *Boston Globe* poll last year found that large majorities (over 75 per cent) think abortion should be illegal in almost every case. Other polls have found majorities who think that abortion should be a woman's decision. Obviously, Americans don't think too clearly about abortion.

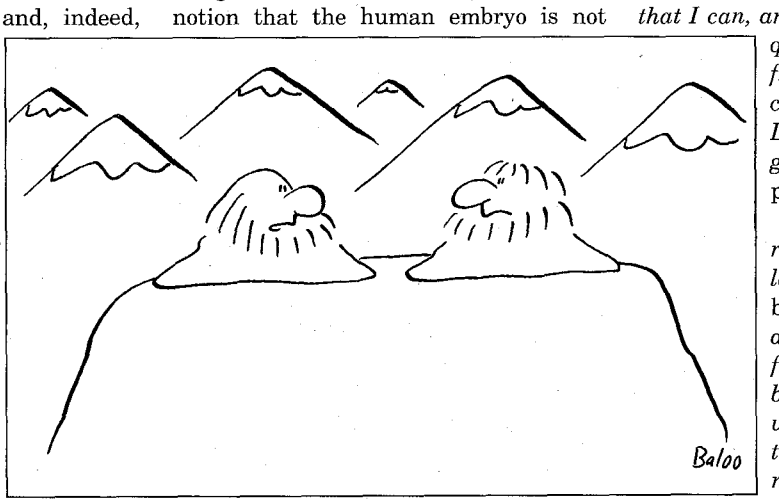
Given the ambiguity of polls, what is impossible is to know the future.

John Wauck
New York, N.Y.

I never thought that multiple-choice quizzes test anything much beyond the ability to pass multiple-choice quizzes. At any rate, Dr. Neely's is so constructed that I can, and must, answer each of his questions (except for b) affirmatively: what a woman carries is "best described" in Dr. Neely's words, from a to g, at different stages of her pregnancy.

Mr. Wauck might want to remember that larvae are larvae, not butterflies, but become *butterflies; tadpoles are not frogs, but* become *frogs; eggs are not chickens, but* become *chickens, all by virtue of their genes. But things are what they are, not what they become. That goes for concepts too.*

Mr. Wauck is quite right



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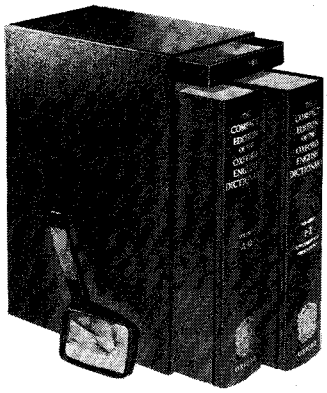

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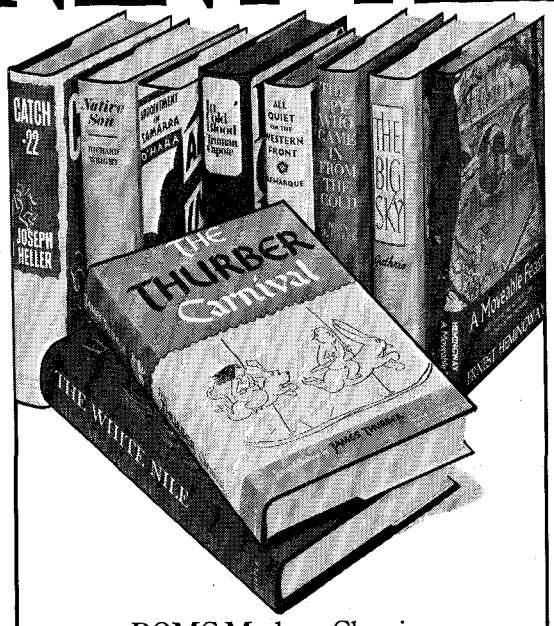

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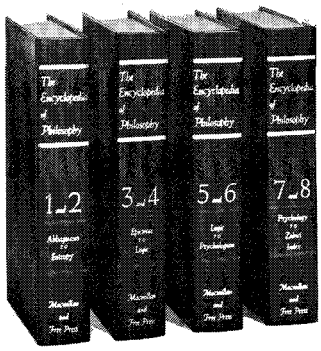

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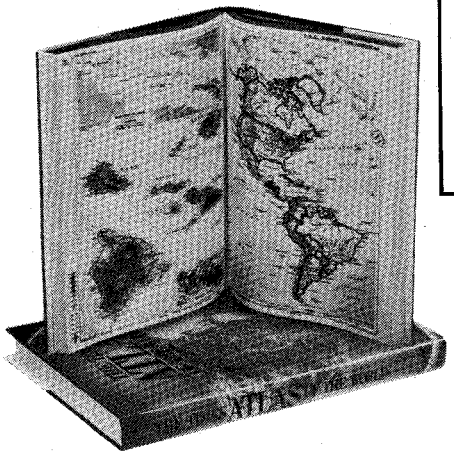

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about one thing. We don't know for certain what Americans think about abortion. We will know more when they are allowed, in each state, to vote on it, i.e., when Roe *v.* Wade *is overturned and the people are allowed to decide the matter. I don't believe the Constitution ever was meant to grant or deny a right to abortion.* —EvdH

A Letter from Cactus Jack

I have just read with squint-eyed interest the articles by Anthony Lejeune and Hertha Lund ["The Disappearing Cowboy," Dec. 31] and am tickled pink that we cowboys are getting such high-profile coverage in a first-rate magazine such as yours. However, there was one gap in these otherwise outstanding essays: in neither article was any mention made of Charley "Kid" Russell, perhaps the greatest cowboy artist of all time. Kid Russell provided a memorable rendition of the American West which has enthralled countless Americans to the present day and which has stood as undying inspiration to those like myself who attempt to capture the Wild West on canvas, as he did with such incomparable brio. This lack of coverage of Kid Russell is all the more mystifying when you consider that Miss Lund is a Montanan, and that Kid Russell is Montana's most celebrated son, whose painting "C. H. Russell and Friends" (1922) was used for the official commemorative stamp to make last year's centennial of Montana's statehood in 1889. How soon they forget!

John F. "Cactus Jack" Murphy
Drexel Hill, Pa.

The Fading West

Hertha Lund's lament for intelligent land management deserves expansion. The environmental lobby owes its charmed existence to the media's intimidation of government; this is why stupid ideas like an "American Heritage Trust" receive serious treatment.

Cowboys are not the only Westerners threatened. Repeal or modification by Congress of the Mining Law of 1872 would undermine the role of the entrepreneur in mineral development. The environmental lobby, in and out of government, has, in fact, a legislative agenda that would destroy the "multiple use" concept of public lands. Without agriculture, oil-and-gas development, lumbering, and mining on public lands, Westerners are reduced to flipping hamburgers and cleaning motel rooms for tourists (Oh yes! and emptying privies in national forests and parks).

Few people and a lot of space are the lure and legend of the West. Unfortunately, these attributes guarantee political weakness. Ignorance and arrogance, packaged as environmentalism, spell economic disenfranchisement for the real West.

John D. Atkins
Cheyenne, Wyo.

Pickup-Truck Politics

Allow me to congratulate you on your back-of-the-hand treatment of the town of Flossmoor, Illinois ["The Week," Dec. 22], which has prohibited the owner of a small truck from parking it in his own driveway. "A fine place to live if you have outgrown property rights and the Constitution," you insightfully declare.

Unfortunately, however, Donald Devine's "A Free Market in Government" [Oct. 27] is incompatible with the property-rights analysis applied in the Flossmoor case, and is therefore untenable.

As I interpret it, Devine's thesis is that local government is really part of the free-enterprise system. He equates small towns with the independent corporation, and goes so far as to label his analysis "libertarian." In this way he hopes to deal with problems such as pornography: a multiplicity of cities will deal with this in different ways, some strictly, some loosely, and out of this diversity will spring freedom of choice.

In this vision, local governments function just like private clubs, condominium developments, or restrictive covenants. Since membership is entirely voluntary, these organizations may enact any legislation they wish, in the name of freedom. For example, most condominium developments commonly restrict the color of exterior paint.

The problem is, Flossmoor would have to be interpreted as a voluntary organization, in the view of Devine. If so, then this small town is entirely within its rights to prohibit the parking of trucks in driveways. There would be no private driveways, or any other (exterior) private property in the "private club" of Flossmoor.

To put things in so stark a manner is to see the fallacy in Mr. Devine's thesis. Towns are not at all politically equivalent to restrictive contracts. In the latter case, but not the former, people sign away their rights to what would otherwise be their control over private property. In the case of government, however, no matter how small, such is not the case.

Walter Block
Senior Research Fellow
The Fraser Institute
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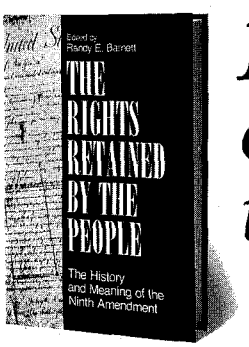

Robert Bork compared it to an inkblot.

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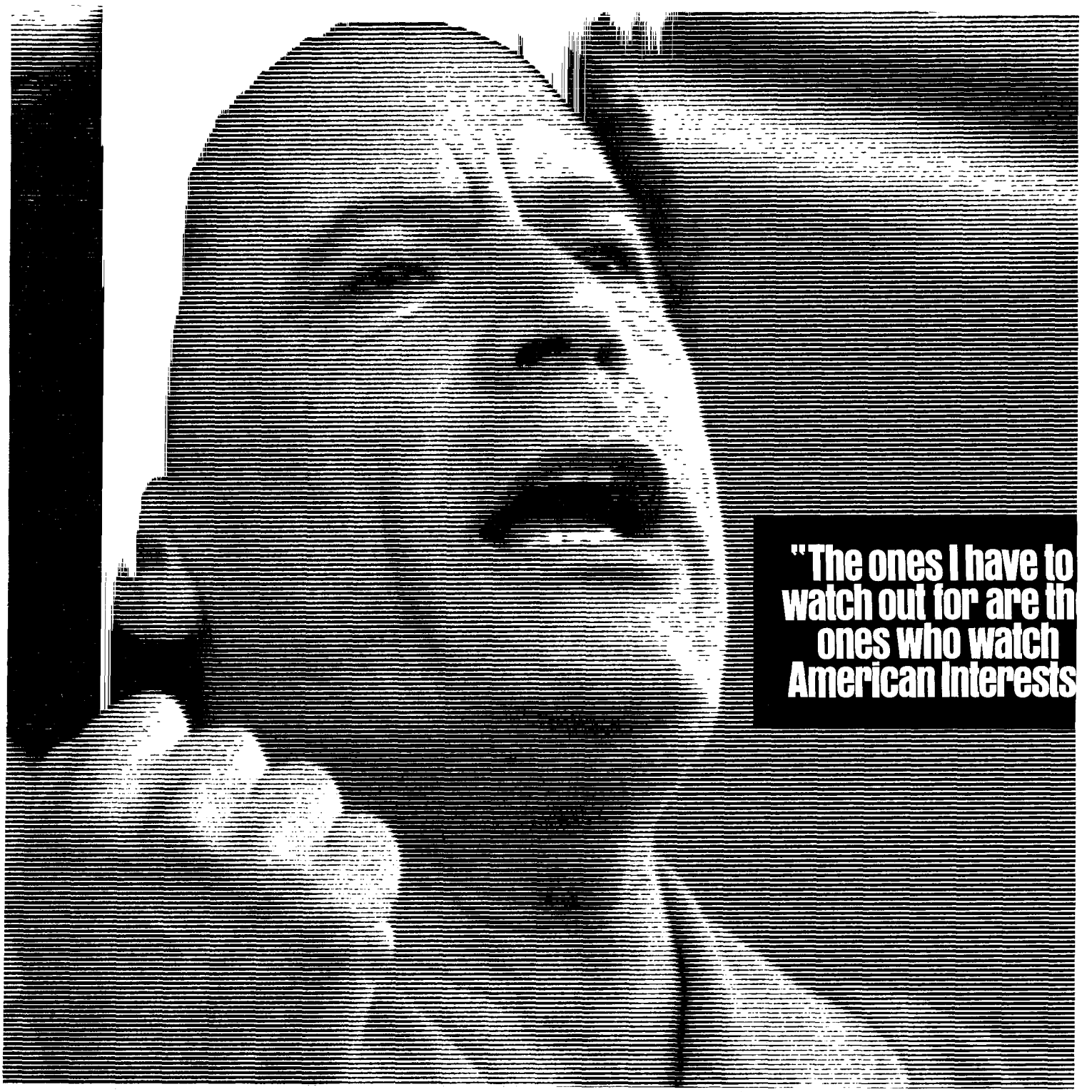

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FROM THE EDITOR

The Swinging Court

■ Advocates of judicial restraint and common sense have been happily celebrating the arrival of "the Reagan Court" with its supposed 5–4 conservative majority since it handed down the three judgements limiting affirmative action last July. NATIONAL REVIEW pointed out at the time just how technical and marginal these limitations were. But because devotees of judicial activism were wringing their hands over the prospective reversal of Earl Warren's legacy, we overcame our doubts and looked forward to the Court's next sitting. Then, last week, came the cold light of dawn—or, rather, the cold water of Mr. Justice Brennan's endorsement of the exclusionary rule supported by a 5–4 majority of the Court.

The exclusionary rule, however sanctified by constitutional terminology, is a relatively recent nonsense dating from the First World War. It supposedly exercises, in Mr. Brennan's words, a "deterrent effect on police misconduct" by excluding evidence that the police have obtained illegally. But releasing murderers, muggers, and other criminals onto the streets by suppressing evidence against them is surely a very roundabout method of encouraging good police behavior. It punishes the public far more than the erring police. Indeed, it does not punish the police at all. A policeman suffers no penalty when a court rejects evidence he has obtained illegally. If he were to face either police discipline or legal penalty, that might indeed deter misconduct. But that could be done without excluding evidence and freeing a criminal.

Mr. Brennan's second argument is that the rule protects the "constitutional rights" of the accused. But procedural rules are designed to protect the accused's right to a fair trial; the exclusionary rule prevents a fair trial. It protects the accused, yes, from justice. The British legal satirist A. P. Herbert once put into the mouth of his fictional Judge: "It is a principle of English law that a man who appears in a court must be guilty of an offense." Mr. Brennan and his four like-minded colleagues have amended that to read: "It is a principle of American law that a man who appears in a court must be innocent of an offense."

■ I owe it to *Time*, which I criticized last issue for crowning Mikhail Gorbachev rather than Ronald Reagan Man of the Decade, to concede that the magazine did at least make Reagan Man of the Year in 1983. They somewhat spoiled this gesture by twinning him with the ailing gerontocrat Yuri Andropov. In 1983 Andropov had just walked out of the Geneva arms control talks, but he is probably most famous as the Soviet Ambassador to Budapest who in 1956 had Imre Nagy murdered. Of course, *Time* would shrink instinctively from twinning Gorbachev with Andropov, even though he was the old thug's protege for many years. Why? Look on the bright side. It may be something in the water.

■ Not everyone shares *Time's* admiration for the Soviet president. The Estonian newspaper *Noorte Hal* for the 12th of January contains an account of a meeting in Tallin at which Russian nationalist organizations were addressed by Russian-speaking delegates from Estonia to the Soviet Congress of Deputies. Was Gorbachev an agent of the CIA? asked someone from the floor. "Continuous applause" greeted this question. The speaker, Yevgeny Kogan, refused to answer directly, but his gloss is interesting. Recent actions of Gorbachev's were, he agreed, "incomprehensible." But as to his being CIA, that was a matter that could only be decided by a court. Who *asked* the question? My money is on Alexander Cockburn.

■ If this view of Gorbachev as Our Man in Moscow catches on, will *Time* twin him with Noriega? Hey, lighten up, boys. Just kidding.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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ON THE RECORD

■ First year in office had galvanizing effect on **George Bush** approval rating in Europe. December poll showed he was up 39 points in France (from 37 to 76 per cent approval), 24 points in West Germany (52 to 76), 23 points in Britain (45 to 68), and 17 points in Italy (63 to 80). . . . At year's end all four European nations agreed NATO continued to be essential: by 77 per cent in Britain, 67 per cent in West Germany, and 62 per cent in France and Italy. . . . Year-end NBC/*WSJ* poll found **Margaret Thatcher** more popular with Americans than **Mikhail Gorbachev**, 66 to 54 per cent, while **Daniel Ortega** piled up a 68 to 5 per cent negative to positive rating. . . . Soviet authorities informed British Labour leader **Neil Kinnock** that Gorbachev would not be able to see him in Moscow in mid-January because of press of domestic affairs. Two days later, Radio Moscow announced that Gorbachev would see UN Secretary General **Javier Pérez de Cuellar** and former Japanese Foreign Minister **Shintaro Abe** in January. . . . **Jimmy Carter**'s former NSC advisor **Zbigniew Brzezinski** urged Poles and Czechs to form a federation to protect themselves from Soviet Union and a reunited Germany. . . . Among first reforms in Rumania: abolition of death penalty, freedom to travel, freedom to lodge foreign guests in private homes, and a forty-hour work week (replacing Rumania's six-day plus work week). . . . East Germans will hereafter be able to hang glide, a practice heretofore banned for fear they'd hang glide to freedom. . . . Get this: the United Nations has forbidden the U.S. Mission in New York to sponsor a concert of Baltic music, played by Americans of Baltic descent—unless the Soviet Union okays the concert.

■ *Christian Science Monitor* columnist **John Hughes** points out there hasn't been a single anti-gringo public demonstration in Latin America in fortnight following Panama invasion, and questions whether the people of Latin America share their leaders' outrage. . . . Incidentally, most Central American states abstained in that 20 to 1 OAS vote condemning U.S. on Panama. Not voting: **Costa Rica**, **Colombia**, **Honduras**, **Guatemala**, **El Salvador**, **Antigua** and **Barbuda**, and **Venezuela**.

■ **Daniel Ellsberg**, demonstrating in San Francisco against the Panama invasion, accused U.S. of "upholding democracy with a lynch mob," and predicted that "a lot of Americans will pay for this murderous invasion with their lives." . . . A motion by four far-left congressmen to ban all aid to El Salvador, killed during rush to adjourn, will be reintroduced, says **Robert Bauer**, aide to Rep. **Ron Dellums**. Other sponsors were California Democrats **Barbara Boxer** and **Nancy Pelosi**, and **Edward Markey** (D., Mass.). . . . On which subject, a *Nation* editorial on Malta commented: "At one side of the table in Malta will sit a statesman; the other seat will be occupied by a man who calmly bankrolls the murderers of priests." . . . Among prominent Californians visited by leftist Mexican opposition leader **Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas** recently were **Jane Fonda** and former Gov. **Edmund G. Brown Jr.**. . . . *Between the lines*, the watchdog committee on politics of the news media and Hollywood, says Hollywood has gone manic over environmental issues. Among stars who will be featured in anti-business pro-ecology shows and films in 1990 it lists: **Robert Redford**, **John Denver**, **Olivia Newton-John**, **Barbra Streisand**, **Kevin Costner**, **Elton John**, **Sting**, **Dennis Weaver**, **Leonard Nimoy**, and TV pitchman **Ted Turner**. . . . On the right, **David Keene**'s ACU has passed resolution urging that no aid or credits be extended to the Soviet Union until it stops supporting **Fidel Castro**, the Sandinistas, and the FMLN.

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"How's the new decade going so far?"

■ Did **Reagan** make a difference? Yes, concludes NBC News year-end poll. It found Republicans in late Eighties on a par with Democrats (42 per cent of voters identify themselves as Democrats, 41 per cent as Republicans), erasing a fifty-year-old 15 to 20 per cent Democratic lead. . . . But **Gary Bauer**, Reagan's former domestic-policy chief, fears that gain could be wiped out if GOP abandons its strong pro-life stance. A flight of social-issue voters from GOP could cost the party a gubernatorial race in California (**Pete Wilson**), and senatorial races in Illinois (**Lynn Martin**) and Rhode Island (**Claudine Schneider**). All three Republican contenders are pro-choice.

■ Attention conservative journalists: Application deadline for **Publius** Fellows six-week (June 25 to August 3) summer course in political journalism for college seniors and graduate students is March 15. Fellows receive $2,000 plus up to $500 in travel expenses, and free lodging. The sponsor is Public Research Syndicated, arm of the Claremont Institute, 4650 Arrow Highway, Suite D-6, Montclair, Calif. 91763. . . . Freedom House (48 E. 21st St., NYC 10010) will periodically be putting out a press bulletin, *Daily Glasnost*, a digest of events taking place in the USSR as prepared daily in Russia by Soviet dissident and one-time political prisoner **Sergei Grigoryants**.

■ So that's who he was? Recent *New York Times* TV listing reads: "TV FILM, *A Child Called Jesus* (1988). Drama about the early years of the religious leader."

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THE WEEK

■ Recent headline: "Hungary Has Trouble Forming Government." If that doesn't get its economy booming, nothing will.

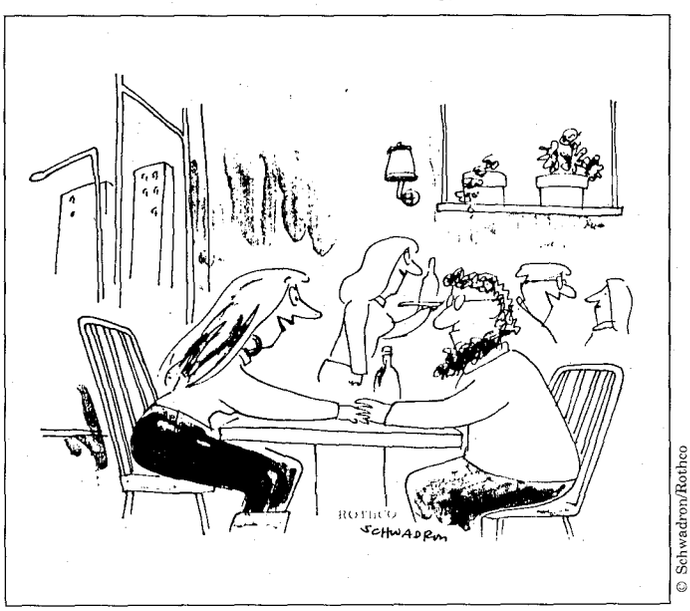
■ Using a high-speed lens, a Washington photographer recently caught a Democrat in the act of proposing a tax cut. Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York—this is *not*, repeat *not*, one of our hoaxes—wants to roll back the new Social Security taxes. Moynihan points out that the Social Security surplus is only being used to create the illusion that serious deficit-cutting is taking place. Besides, he says, the tax is regressive. The Bush Administration opposes the move, leaving the Democrats, at this moment, the most conspicuous tax-cutting party.

■ An article on the wretched prospects of the Soviet Union in the current issue of *Daedalus*, written by an author under the name of "Z," has the foreign-policy community buzzing. In part, they are all curious to know who, these days, needs the protective camouflage of a pseudonym. Far more importantly "Z" has had the courage to say that *perestroika* will probably fail, for it is intended to shore up the rotted frame of Communist rule. This is welcome hardheadedness, given the euphoria that understandably colors most commentary on what is happening in the East these days. These are revolutionary times, but who has heard of a ruling class—and such a ruling class—surrendering its prerogatives meekly? And who has heard of revolutionary change without purges and persecution, suffering and death?

■ While most of his peers have long since listened to the people and made their peace with the new realities of state government, Mario Cuomo hangs tough. In a state where spending has risen by 90 per cent over the past seven years—three times faster than inflation—and where the governor's own officials were forced to raise their deficit forecast for the current fiscal year by 400 per cent over the past ten weeks, this governor proposes a new health insurance system for children under 17, 15,000 more drug treatment slots, and issuance of a $1.9-billion bond issue to finance state ownership of environmentally sensitive lands. In a state that collects 2.6-times more income tax revenue per capita than the nation as a whole, and where income-tax revenues have grown faster than other taxes since marginal rates were cut, Mr. Cuomo would postpone the last installment of a three-year tax cut. In a state whose governor pledged an end to smoke and mirrors, the fiction of a balanced budget is maintained by selling $4.3 billion in short-term notes each year. But relief may be near. One is heartened by the 17 per cent approval rating recently bestowed upon Mr. Dukakis, and the sharp, albeit belated, down-grading of Massachusetts bond ratings. The Empire State can't be far behind.

■ In a shift that reflects thinking at its national level, the Detroit branch of the American Civil Liberties Union has advocated the enforcement of stricter rules in the schools, including a crackdown on truancy and searches of student lockers when there is reason to believe that drugs or weapons may be contained therein. The ACLU has also gone to court in cases where colleges and universities were disciplining students for "offensive" speech. These moves may well have been inspired, at least in part, by the public effectiveness of George Bush's use last year of the ACLU as a farout Left icon. But any flicker of the politics of reality is always welcome.

■ We have heard of the theory, devoutly believed in by numbers of blacks, that drug use is a white plot to keep the underclass down. A kindred hypothesis was making the rounds in Chicago a while ago, that AIDS was being injected into black babies by Jewish doctors. The latest Thomas Pynchon–like scenario holds that AIDS was deliberately introduced into



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"Neither of us believes in nuclear war, armed terrorism, hijackings, foreign-military intervention, presidential-assassination attempts, and right-wing military juntas. But is that enough to base a lasting relationship on?"

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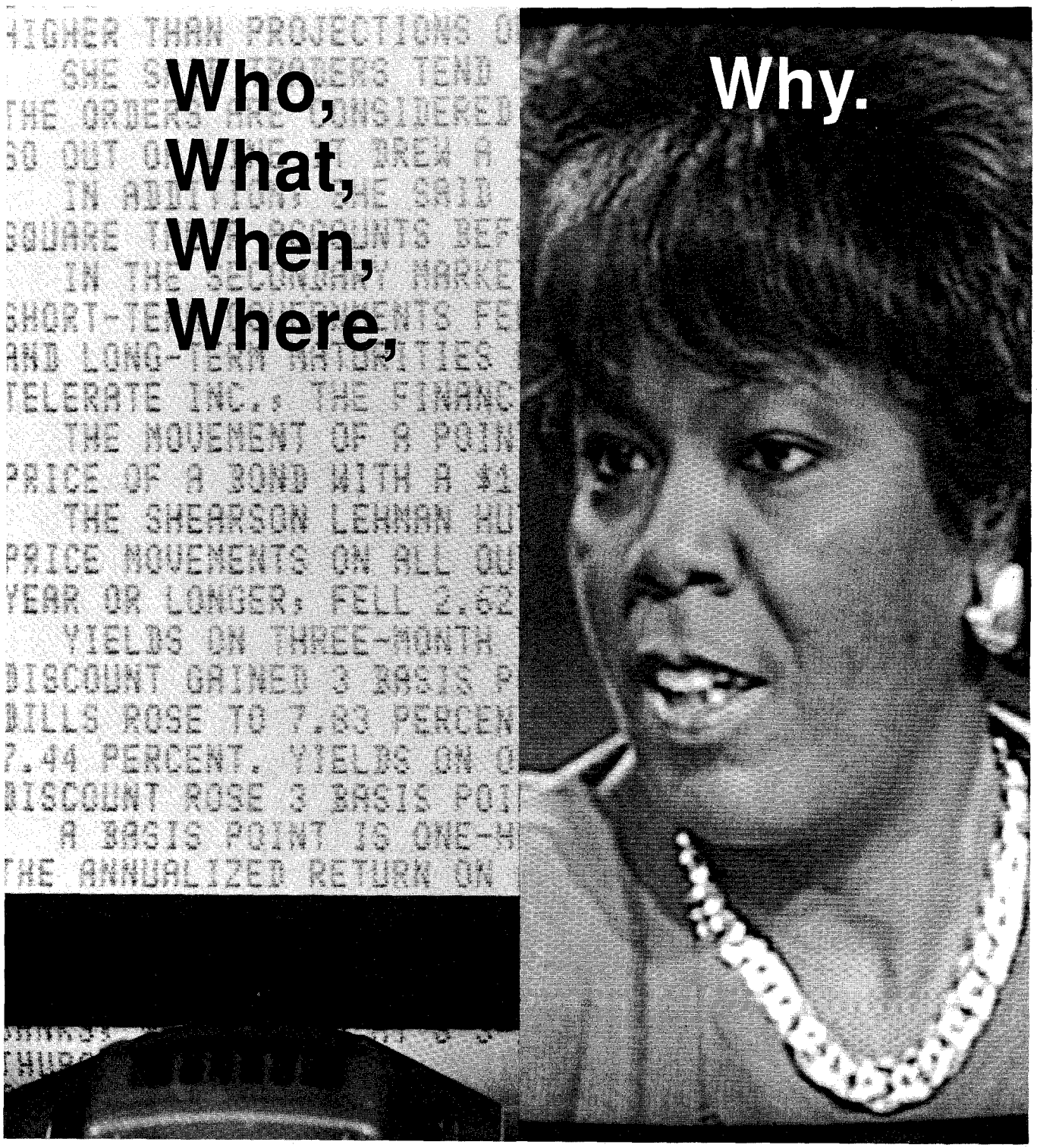

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Africa in the Seventies, under the cover of a World Health Organization smallpox vaccination program. Earl Caldwell, black columnist for the *New York Daily News*, wrote a who knows? column on the rumors last summer. "There's enough," he told another journalist recently, "to at least carry a big argument." There's enough, all right—not about the theories themselves, which are as pitiable as they are vile; but about the ignorance and despair that could generate them, about the dearth of coherent world-views that might crowd them out, and about the Pontius Pilate attitude of the Caldwells of the world, who know better, but won't say so.

■ Charles Keating, the owner of that collapsed savings and loan which you will be paying for, has come up with a novel defense of his company. The government, he claimed on television, should not have closed him down because "we were operating profitably," and he cited a clean bill of health which had been given him by the firm of Arthur Young, his accountants. What Keating neglected to add was that the accountant responsible for the audit left Arthur Young three weeks after turning it in, to take a high-six-figure position with (three guesses, the first two don't count). Another accounting firm, meanwhile, had run a check on Mr. Keating's banking empire which gave a much graver prognosis. The long and short of it seems to be that if Alan Cranston and Dennis DeConcini had served Charles Keating as badly as that sanguine accountant served his employers and good accounting principles generally, Keating would have fired them.

■ Liberated from Mr. Noriega's private quarters: A bucket of blood and various artifacts of voodoo rituals, large stocks of champagne and cigars, fifty pounds of cocaine, hundreds of plastic frogs, numerous electronic toys, weapons of all sorts, and framed pictures of Hitler, Muammar el-Qaddafi, and Mother Teresa. The pols can't be too careful these days.

■ Comecon, the creaking Stalin-era trade bloc that binds the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, met in Sofia to try and sort out life in the post-revolutionary world, and decided—to appoint a commission. The commission has its work cut out for it. Comecon has essentially operated a barter system, conducted by exchanges of funny-money currency. The Soviets have proposed switching to hard currency transactions at real-world prices. This would benefit them in the short run, since their main exports are natural resources like oil and gas, while Eastern Europe's consist of cheap manufactured goods. In the long run, however, if Eastern Europe can manage to upgrade its manufacturing, it will become a full-fledged part of Europe, while the Soviets, if they rely on natural resources, will remain a big Zaire. The best thing the commission could propose would be to scrap Comecon altogether. "The world is run by human action, not by human design," Vaclac Klaus, the Czechoslovakian finance minister declared. One hopes the echo of Ludwig von Mises was not unintentional.

■ You think the *homeless* are miserable this winter? Check out the American Communist Party, betrayed by Moscow after generations of faithful mendacity. For the first time in his thirty-year tenure as chairman of CPUSA, Gus Hall is grumbling about the Socialist Fatherland. Not much, mind you, but you can pick up certain nuances of frustration if you listen closely. He doesn't much care for the new Soviet attitude toward Stalin, for example. "I think the Soviet historians are exaggerating," he told the *Wall Street Journal* recently. "I thought Stalin was a good leader."

■ The Federal Government has just begun taxing chlorofluorocarbons on the shaky grounds that ozone is good for you; the state of Maryland proposes to tax snack foods on the equally shaky grounds that taxes are good for you and snack foods aren't; and a press release from Senator Jeff Bingaman (D.) of New Mexico brags about benefits to "over four hundred former people," and that is how things go in the government business, except in Eastern Europe.

■ We wonder how the coldest weather in a century affected travel plans for those going to conferences on Global Warming.

■ The new government of Rumania briefly banned the Communist Party, then reversed itself. Probably a wise move. The country may not be politically mature enough to go all the way to McCarthyism just yet.

■ Poland's new leaders say they will cut off state subsidies, immediately balance the budget, free prices,

As Mr. Z Says

If the flesh grows moribund
  As the eyesight dims,
While the step, now sluggish, prompts
  Close kin to offer hymns,
Nourishment through feeding tubes
  Isn't good advice
When it's been established that
  The patient's not too nice.

W. H. VON DREELE

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sell off state industries, make the currency convertible, reform the tax structure and decontrol the banks. Why are we always the last to learn how to do it right?

■ First Alexander Dubcek was restored to high office in Czechoslovakia. Now Lester Maddox has announced he'll run for governor of Georgia again. And they say the idealism of the Sixties is dead.

The Soviet Rim

WE HAVE BECOME accustomed to odd sights appearing on the television transmissions from Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, but the spectacle of the president of the Soviet Union arguing—arguing!—with Lithuanians about the prudence of secession from the USSR was a particularly jolting one. Fantastically and unexpectedly, the Soviets have apparently decided that they would turn Eastern Europe free from Communist rule; now, it appears, they may be willing to let some of the republics of the Soviet Union itself secede. Its an exhilarating prospect, but two notes of caution are in order. First, there is no guarantee that this will happen peacefully, on the basis of comfortable, American-style compromises. The Lithuanian crowds, though reasonably affectionate toward Gorbachev, showed him precious little deference, and there was nothing to indicate that they would accept anything less than independence, and that right quickly. Nor will the wave of secession stop here: many of the other republics are no less bent on getting out from under not only Communist but Russian rule. Indeed, at this very moment mobs of Azerbaijanis are sacking Communist Party offices in their republic, lynching Armenians, and tearing down the border with Iran. Beyond all this lies the great prize: the Ukraine, the Soviet Union's bread basket and its ancient heartland. Hardheaded Soviet leaders might think themselves well rid of troublesome Balts and Moslems, but if they shed all of the dissident nationalities they will be left with a rump Russian republic, huge and well-populated by most standards, but a humiliating remnant of the the Czars' patrimony. It is almost inconceivable that they would permit such disintegration without a fight, and impossible that this could happen without the usual horrors of imperial collapse—the flight of refugees, outbursts of aggrieved hypernationalism, the settling of old scores.

Secondly, we should take note of Gorbachev's speeches to the Lithuanians, for what they tell us about him. Characteristically, the Western media has picked up on his sidelong acceptance of a multiparty system, but they neglected other remarks worthy of attention. Gorbachev told the Lithuanians that he seeks to restore the original Leninist conception of the USSR, discarding merely its Stalinist perversions. And he informed them that they must stay in the Soviet Union because "politics follows economics," and economics dictates the continuation of the old empire. Both remarks suggest that this remarkable man remains in the grip of at least some Marxist-Leninist concepts. As Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn so brilliantly demonstrated in the *Gulag Archipelago*, however, all that made the Soviet Union a totalitarian regime stems from Lenin. And if the history of the Soviet empire teaches anything it is that economics follows politics—that the manifold ruin of production, of society, and nature has resulted from the political system imposed by the Bolsheviks.

All this means that Gorbachev, who is a brilliant politician, is not, *pace* his unthinking admirers, necessarily a visionary statesman. His campaign against vodka not only failed to stop alcoholism (such unusual beverages as perfume and antifreeze went into short supply, and sugar for home brewing disappeared from the shops): it contributed to a massive budget deficit by cutting off a large chunk of state revenue. His economic reforms have gone nowhere. Thus, we may be seeing not the careful planning of a leader of genius, but the expedients of a clever—but increasingly desperate—improviser. Conceivably, one day he will run out of tricks, and the forces that he has unleashed will carry him and his nation to the abyss. One hopes policy-makers have begun thinking how they might contain such a catastrophe, while preserving the good that has, undeniably, occurred thus far. At the bare minimum, the events in Lithuania should cool our ardor for precipitate cuts in the defense budget and large withdrawals of our forces from the Soviet periphery.

Carrots for Ceauses . . . Oops, We Mean Deng

THE late Nicolae Ceausescu attempted to put down a democratic rebellion through slaughter, and even ten thousand dead bodies did not save him. His army turned against his *Securitate* political police. Ceausescu and his wife Elena went before a firing squad, and *Securitate* officers are now on trial.

Had Ceausescu succeeded, placing his democratic opposition before firing squads, giving others thirty-year sentences, and then, after what they call "a decent interval," lifted martial law, would the Bush Administration today be hailing this last as "a positive step" justifying "normal" relations with the Ceausescu regime?

The present regime in Peking is an exact dupli-

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cate of the Ceausescu regime. Only where Ceausescu failed in his slaughters, the Deng regime managed to cling to power. It was a close run. Important army units in Peking had refused to fire on the demonstrators in Tiananmen Square (reports have it that some 109 army men have now been executed by the Deng regime for this insubordination). Deng had to bring in units located in the provinces to carry out his murderous orders.

What this means politically is that the Deng regime holds its power today only at the sufferance of the army. He has no popular support, no support among the rising class of engineers, economists, and intellectuals who constitute China's future. At the same time, the Deng regime has put into reverse its earlier moves toward economic, though small-scale, freedom. Re-collectivism is now the order of the day. Deng will be lucky to die in bed.

President Nixon had good reason to play his "China card" as a geopolitical move against an aggressive Brezhnev Russia. The power equation today is very different. Today's China is much less important to us strategically than it then was.

It makes little sense for the Bush Administration to be cozying up to this regime. The two Scowcroft–Eagleburger missions were an indignity. The Chinese need the United States more than we need them. The real China will emerge when the current Peking Ceausescus are in the garbage can of history, mixing it up with the likes of Ceausescu and Hoxha.

Should We Try Noriega?

MANUEL NORIEGA is undoubtedly a very wicked person indeed and it is highly desirable that he should end up behind bars or otherwise disengaged. Furthermore, legal experts assure us that U.S. prosecutors will be able to surmount the various procedural obstacles that stand in the way of this devoutly-to-be-wished consummation. Illegal arrest? Not so. He surrendered voluntarily to law enforcement officers and was read his Miranda rights. Evidence seized unlawfully by U.S. soldiers? Red herring: The Fourth Amendment does not apply to aliens in foreign parts. Adverse publicity making a fair trial impossible? Nonsense. U.S. courts have tried and tested methods for unearthing jurors who are indubitably of sound mind and who, to prove it, never watch television or read the newspapers. Didn't Oliver North get a fair trial?

Well, up to a point, Lord Copper. North was acquitted on the major counts and convicted only on minor technicalities. That was certainly closer to a fair result than might have been expected from a jury that claimed to have been unaware of the Iran–Contra case before the trial. But since the jury acquitted North on charges to which he had in substance admitted, there is ample room for doubting the value of this precedent. Similarly, the legal claim of extra-territoriality underlying this case seems both excessive and self-contradictory. Would we really accept the claim of Panama to arrest and convict U.S. citizens who had never left this country because their actions in the U.S. had harmed Panamanians? And if U.S. law extends to Panama, why do U.S. constitutional protections stop at the water's edge? It may be that there are convincing legal answers, but so many questions make us uneasy.

Noriega was a head of state who thwarted American interests and defied American power. He was deposed amid general rejoicing in Panama and the U.S. If he had been killed in the fighting, tried by the new Panamanian government, or exiled to somewhere remote and unpleasant, that would have ended the matter satisfactorily. But to put on trial, on dubious grounds, a foreign head of state for offences that were committed in his own country and that, if they had been committed by his ambassador in Washington, would have been protected by diplomatic immunity, is a perversion of law and an error of statecraft. And should it be punished by an acquittal combined with embarrassing revelations in court about CIA activities in Central America, Noriega will have the last laugh.

And *that* would be *hell.*

The Crimes of the Victors

THE END OF the cold war (if that's what it is) is prompting a re-examination of some of the consequences of the end of the last war, and the news is disquieting to the victors. That is, to us.

Vaclav Havel, the new president of Czechoslovakia, caused his first flap by suggesting that his country had an obligation to apologize to the Sudeten Germans, who had been forcibly expelled after 1945. Cardinal Tomasek and the Communists joined in denouncing this proposal. A book recently published in Canada (*Other Losses*, by James Bacque) argues that as many as one million soldiers of the Wehrmacht who became postwar prisoners of the American Army perished in camps that were deliberately inhumane. Bacque compares the camps to Andersonville, and blames Eisenhower for the maltreatment. Americans and Britons have known for years of "Operation Keelhaul," the program under which thousands of Russian defectors who had fought alongside the German army were returned to Stalin, and certain death. (See "The Unquiet Graves of Yalta," p. 27.)

It is possible to think of excuses for these, as for

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any evil action. The Sudeten Germans had been Hitler's pretext for dismembering Czechoslovakia; naturally the Czechs would bear them a grudge. Most of the hapless Russians were, technically, traitors. Americans were unlikely to think well of a country that had sucked them into a European war for the second time in 25 years.

But Western democracies (though not, of course, the Soviet Union) rest on the principle of individual justice and individual guilt. Prisoners of war, even krauts and Russian turncoats, are entitled to prescribed norms of treatment. Sudeten Germans who served Hitler deserved punishment—not all Sudeten Germans as a class.

One of the prize misnomers of recent times was to call World War II the "good war." Wars can be necessary and just. They are never good. The amnesic rhetoric of goodness only makes it easier for revisionists—America Lasters here, Nazi symps in Europe—to claim to be telling the whole truth when instead they harp on partial truths that have been suppressed. Only the whole truth sets us free. President Havel had the right idea.

Judicial Restraint

ONCE AGAIN, the application of longstanding legal principles to the civil-rights realm is being portrayed as evidence of hostility by Reagan judges to civil rights. On cue, the ACLU described the Supreme Court's *Yonkers* decision as "further evidence of the Court's declining commitment to vigorous civil-rights enforcement." Justice Brennan, still unaccustomed to being in dissent in such cases, accused his colleagues in the majority of being "blind to the scourge of racial politics."

What occasioned the latest outbursts was the Court's holding that federal judge-and-potentate Leonard Sand exceeded his authority in imposing $500 per day fines on four Yonkers city councilmen who refused to cast their votes on a public-housing construction plan in the manner ordered by the judge. Rather, the Court opined, Judge Sand's authority was limited to leveling fines directly against the city itself.

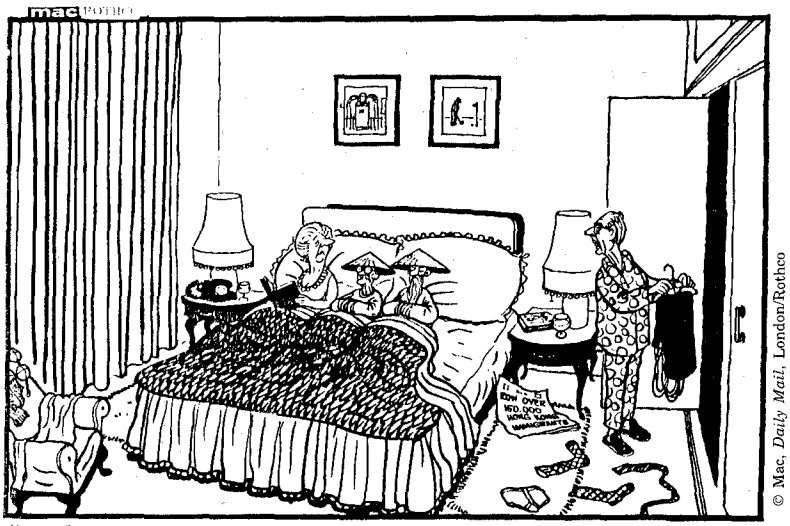
If anything significant derives from this decision, *Yonkers* may represent a small step toward limiting the "equity" powers of federal judges. Traditionally, the redress available to judges for constitutional violations has been confined to the narrowest possible remedy. Thus, a prison system determined to be in violation of the Eighth Amendment's guarantees against "cruel and unusual" punishment could be required under the court's equity jurisdiction to correct this policy—but nothing more. Modern theories of equity would allow the court in these circumstances to dictate a complete menu of improvements—nutrition policies, recreational policies, discipline policies, and staff-to-inmate ratios.

Yonkers represents a modest restatement of the position that remedies must be crafted in the most narrow and fitting way possible, even at the cost of judicial "innovativeness" and "creativity." Whether the decision portends any significant reversal-of-course must await the Court's decision later this term in *Jenkins* v. *Missouri* in which a federal judge levied property-tax increases on Kansas City in order to support a school desegregation plan.

Cock of the Walk

WASHINGTON'S CITY officials are marked off from the rest of the city by the requirement that they pretend to believe everything Mayor Marion Barry says. So it was that several of them joined the mayor in protesting a lengthy *Los Angeles Times* profile of Barry that is best described as Wolfish.

Reporter Bella Stumbo spent 18 hours with Barry and his cronies, then gave her readers a wonderfully colorful portrayal of the capital's cock-of-the-walk. As quoted by Miss Stumbo, Barry boasts that he is "invincible" and will get 65 per cent of the vote ("at least") in his latest re-election bid. Jesse Jackson "don't wanna be no mayor. Jesse don't wanna run nothing but his mouth." He jokes about cocaine use and about how much a Barry urine specimen would be worth to the Feds. "What I have done nobody knows about because I don't get caught," he hoots. He calls friends who have abandoned him politically "chickens, goats, and Judases." He wonders whether his second wife still loves him, then answers yes, she never had it so good in bed.



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"Surely there must be some other way you could have set an example?"

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Caught with his guard down by a diffident-seeming reporter who just waited him out as he warmed to his favorite subject, Barry reacted with outrage, adopting the novel tactic of accusing Miss Stumbo of lies and racism. His pals chimed in that they'd been misquoted too.

But everyone else in town believed every word of the story. Jackson said privately that he believed it too. It was just one more giant Barry indiscretion—he never lets up—and it left him all the more vulnerable to a challenge. Joan of Arc could beat him, and maybe Pericles.

Straight Talk for Cristiani

THE UNITED STATES demanded that El Salvador find and bring to justice the murderers of six Jesuits and two women during the FMLN attack on San Salvador. President Alfredo Cristiani assured the United States that his government would do so. Last week Mr. Cristiani reported that eight of the nine military men suspected of the murders (a lieutenant colonel, three lieutenants, and four enlisted men) were under arrest and would be brought to justice. Did that satisfy Cristiani's critics on the Hill and in the media? No. They ask: But will these men actually be brought to trial? Will any court in El Salvador dare convict them? And even if one can be found that will, won't the higher-ups who presumably gave the orders go untouched? Doesn't Cristiani risk a military coup if he actually goes after those who planned the killings?

What it comes down to is that nothing President Cristiani does will satisfy his leftist critics because he is a conservative, the leader of the Arena party, one of whose former leaders, Roberto D'Aubuisson, is widely believed to have been involved in death-squad activities. ("Death-squad killings," by the rules of liberal lexography, are beyond the pale, whereas guerrilla murders are part and parcel of wars of liberation and, while deplorable, should be expected.)

The same people who criticize the United States for interfering in the affairs of Panama (a dictatorship) insist we interfere in the affairs of El Salvador (a democracy), and support a hands-off attitude toward Nicaragua (a Communist dictatorship), all the while proclaiming themselves democrats.

Over There

The girls patrol the barrios;
They're driving two-ton trucks.
They use the unisex latrines
And tolerate the yuks.
They slip a mortar in the slot;
They mount the barricades,
But I advise the boys to duck
When ladies heave grenades.

W. H. VON DREELE

Women in Battle

THE FIRST REPORTS had Captain Linda L. Bray leading her troops as they stormed a Panamanian Defense Forces outpost. At the end of the firefight the position was won, three of the enemy lay dead, none of the Americans were hurt, and a new era of opportunity for women was upon us. Representative Patricia Schroeder (D., Colo.) instantly, and sanctimoniously, declared that this showed that the distinction between combat and non-combat roles in the military was "a joke," and that the time had come to open the ranks of the infantry to women.

The unglamorous character of the target—the PDF K-9 corps kennels—was not given prominence in early reports, and it now appears that the gunfight lasted only ten minutes, that Captain Bray was half a mile away when the shooting started, and that no one on *either* side was killed. A legend in the making evaporated in embarrassment. The issue, however, is a real one. Should women go into combat? Are Representative Schroeder and the *New York Times* correct in their joint opinion that technological change and social evolution make restrictions on the military use of women unworthy atavisms, as unjust as they are outdated? Let's review the arguments:

Lots of other armies use women in combat roles: why shouldn't we? Actually, very few serious armies have done so, save in the case of direst necessity where national survival was at stake. The Israelis make extensive use of women for all kinds of military work (including intelligence, education and training, and maintenance) but immediately pull them out of combat zones for three reasons, among others: if captured they will be raped, repeatedly; many men simply fall apart when they see young women they know well being disemboweled by shell splinters; Israeli society does not want girls to be killers. In the words of one Israeli general, "We don't do what you do in the United States, because unfortunately we have to take war seriously." Yes, men can be abused, and male casualties are horrifying, and no one likes the idea of his son being taught to shred another human being with machine-gun bullets or burn him with napalm. Nonetheless, there is an entirely different dimension to these matters when women are concerned. By brutal expe-

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rience the Israelis (who draft most of their young women) have learned this.

Modern military technology no longer requires brute strength, so women can perform most combat tasks as well as men. In point of fact, combat still requires lots of brawn. It's easy to point a tank gun and shoot it—but what about loading the shells, or changing tank treads? Well, say the advocates of female grunts, why not have simple strength tests for the different combat specialties? When this has been tried there has been an enormous clamor because (surprise, surprise) it turns out that very few women meet the upper-body strength criteria. When *that* happened (surprise, surprise) feminist groups lobbied to have the tests revised. Moreover, the case for keeping combat units all male has a lot to do with "male bonding," a term that invariably evokes the sneers of (usually middle-aged, usually non–combat veteran) critics of the combat exclusion rules. But ask, or simply observe, a teenage boy on an athletic team and you will get a rather different answer.

Isn't this argument like the one that used to be made for keeping the military segregated by race? Most emphatically not. Black and white men are pretty much the same—men and women are different, with respect to physiognomy and, as many feminist authors now proclaim, with respect to psychology as well.

Representative Schroeder and those who agree with her see this issue as one of equal opportunities, much like disputes about private clubs, or differential pay scales. The reality is very different. This sort of decision is, ultimately, about suffering and death, and those shrillest in the clamor to have young women—even pregnant young women—kill and be killed for their country will not be the ones to pay for it. The Israelis are right, and we would be wise to learn from a nation that has learned these lessons in the hardest school. With all due respect for the undeniable coolness and professionalism of Captain Bray, neither she nor any other female soldier belongs in combat.

Mr. Bush at 80 per cent

The step is firm, the grin's assured.
The grip's as solid as a gourd.
The eyes, now eagle-like, take on
A look that spans the Rubicon.
He pots a quail and thumbs a nose
At goo-goos as the protest grows,
And on the links he loves to swing,
Though hardly ever at Peking.

W. H. VON DREELE

Gramm's Way

WAR, SAID Randolph Bourne, is the health of the state. Peace is going to be health-plus, if the Democrats have their way with what has come to be called the "peace dividend," a saving of as much as $40 to $50 billion a year that could result after American military spending is reshaped to match new security needs. Senator Phil Gramm has other ideas. "It would be a terrible paradox if winning the cold war made government bigger and more powerful in the U.S." Gramm's preliminary thoughts on the subject include: cutting the capital-gains tax rate; offering a child-care tax credit; expanding and making permanent the research-and-development tax credit. Down the line, he also wants cuts in both corporate and individual marginal tax rates.

Economic policy, Gramm knows, has political effects. If the peace dividend goes to domestic spending, Democrats will "re-buy majority status," sowing new and newly dependent constituencies. (Instead of letting parents spend their own money on child care, the Democrats will plug them into a federal system.) The Democrats already have a majority in Congress; Gramm means they will buy back the White House too.

After winning World War II, Britain treated itself to three decades of statism and economic ruin. If we have indeed won the cold war, let's not commit the same error.

Beware the Gerrymander, My Son

IN 1980, the California congressional delegation was split, 22 to 21, in favor of the Democrats. After redistricting in the wake of the census, the delegation tilted 27 to 18 Democratic. (The state had gained two House seats as a result of the 1980 census.) The shift was owing, not to any sudden unpopularity of the GOP, but to the gerrymandering skills of the late Representative Phil Burton, who boasted, of one district he devised, that it "wiggled like a worm."

California expects to pick up six or seven more congressional seats after the 1990 census. Fearful of suffering the same fate once again, the Republicans have sought relief through anti-gerrymandering ballot initiatives, scheduled to be voted on this June. One, the Flynn initiative, would require new districts to get a two-thirds vote in the state legislature, plus a majority in a state-wide referendum. Another plan, the Huening initiative, takes redistricting away from the legislature altogether and

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awards it to a 12-member bipartisan commission. The commission's plans could be rejected through the initiative process. The Huening initiative has non-partisan support (e.g., from the League of Women Voters).

Gerrymandering obviously favors one party over another. But it also favors individual incumbents. It skews elections in the direction of establishmentarianism and status-quo politics. Either is reason enough to let the practice go.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Rick [Brookhiser]

When we went to Beaverkill for our management retreat, I left some clothes in a drawer. They got sent to the wrong address. The attached correspondence shows what ensued.

Thomas B. Cochran, PhD
Senior Scientist
Natural Resources Defense Council
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Brookhiser:

Your dirty drawers are being sent to you by the staff of the NRDC, where they were sent by mistake by the Beaverkill Inn. If you would like to protect your shorts and the environment, make a small contribution to our organization—application enclosed.

T. B. Cochran

Dear Mr. Cochran:

And in return, why not subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW, where I work? Other magazines only hang out the nation's dirty linen. We send it to you.

Sincerely,
Richard Brookhiser

Dear Rick: Fun. Cochran sounds like a grump. If he is one of our national resources, he too needs laundering. Cordially, Bill

■ CORRECTION: In an item published in our July 14, 1989, issue, in the "On the Record" column, we quoted Professor Richard Falk of Princeton as saying in 1984 of the Ayatollah Khomeini that it was wrong to paint him as a fanatic, that his regime might "yet provide us with a desperately needed model of human governance for a Third World country." We inadvertently failed to note that this statement had been made by Mr. Falk in 1979, before Khomeini came to power. Professor Falk calls to our attention that by 1980 he had "taken the initiative to form an Emergency Committee for Human Rights and Democracy in Iran." We regret our error.

Dear Bill:

As a subscriber to NATIONAL REVIEW since you founded it, and also an occasional financial contributor to its continued survival, I was surprised to read on page 12 of the September 29 NATIONAL REVIEW that I have retired.

Actually, what has happened is that on September 1 of this year, I became Counselor with a 6 per cent salary increase and I still have my office, support staff, parking place, and car and driver for Hoover business, and will continue to have all this until at least August 31, 1995.

Sincerely yours,
Glenn [Campbell]
Hoover Institution
Stanford, Calif.

Dear Glenn: Now *that* is the way to retire! Hmm. Cordially, Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

You will, I know, be interested, as a member of the Usage Panel of the American Heritage Dictionary, in a copy of my letter to the editor of that dictionary. I reproduced its definitions of "dictator," "leader," "statesman," and "premier." And then: "I think you'll agree, especially in the light of definition 1.b. [a tyrant] that the term 'dictator' has a pejorative connotation . . . the terms 'leader,' 'statesman,' and 'premier,' on the other hand, are not at all pejorative. Quite the reverse.

"Keeping all this in mind, contrast the two biographical descriptions:

Mussolini, Benito. 'Il Duce.' 1883-1945. Italian Fascist dictator (1922-45); assassinated.

Hitler, Adolf. 1889-1945. Austrian-born German Nazi dictator.

with the five biographical descriptions:

Stalin, Joseph. 1879-1953. Soviet Communist revolutionary leader.

Trotsky, Leon. 1879-1940. Russian revolutionary and Soviet statesman; assassinated.

Mao Zedong also *Tse-tung.* 1893-1976. Chinese Communist leader.

Castro, Fidel. b. 1927. Cuban revolutionary premier (since 1959).

Pol Pot. b. 1928. Cambodian political leader.

I would appreciate hearing from you on this subject."

Sincerely yours,
David R. Jeffries
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Mr. Jeffries: Nice going. Let me know what the people at American Heritage say. Cordially, **—WFB**

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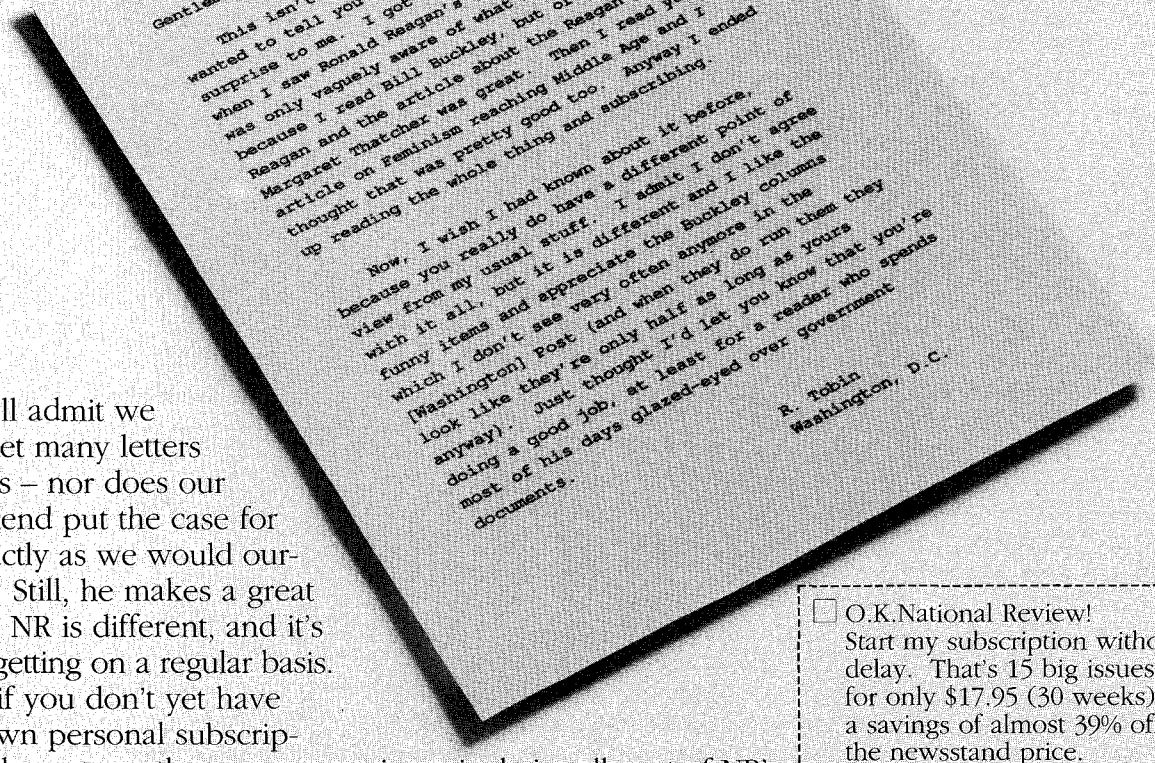
Each issue of National Review is full of wonderful surprises. And so is our mail!



Gentlemen.

This isn't a letter to the editor, I just wanted to tell you that National Review has been a surprise to me. I got my first copy on a newsstand when I saw Ronald Reagan's name on the cover. I was only vaguely aware of what National Review was because I read Bill Buckley, but of course I knew Reagan and the article about the Reagan years by Margaret Thatcher was great. Then I read your article on Feminism reaching Middle Age and I thought that was pretty good too. Anyway I ended up reading the whole thing and subscribing.

Now, I wish I had known about it before, because you really do have a different point of view from my usual stuff. I admit I don't agree with it all, but it is different and I like the funny items and appreciate the Buckley columns which I don't see very often anymore in the [Washington] Post (and when they do run them they look like they're only half as long as yours anyway). Just thought I'd let you know that you're doing a good job, at least for a reader who spends most of his days glazed-eyed over government documents.

R. Tobin
Washington, D.C.

We'll admit we don't get many letters like this – nor does our new friend put the case for NR exactly as we would ourselves. Still, he makes a great point... NR is different, and it's worth getting on a regular basis.

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Murder in Masatepe

L. BRENT BOZELL III

Jennifer Lawson

MASATEPE, NICARAGUA—"The People of Masatepe Repulse UNO's Terrorism," declared *La Barricada*. Both Sandinista-controlled newspapers carried the report: On Sunday, December 10, mobs organized by remnants of the hated National Guard and dispatched by the National Opposition Union (UNO) launched a vicious attack on peasants in the village during a sparsely attended opposition rally, killing one bystander, injuring 17 others, and destroying two houses. One headline read, "International Observers Witnessed Their Acts."

I was one of those observers. What we saw—and nearly fell victim to—was far different: a well-planned, murderous attempt by the Sandinistas to strike terror in the hearts of their popular opposition in the presidential election scheduled for February 25.

The Center for Democracy (CFD) has invited various delegations to gauge the prospects for a free and fair election. This group is composed of American political activists. The Democrats are led by CFD Chairman and former Democratic National Committee Finance Chairman Peter Kelly, the Republicans by RNC Chief of Staff Mary Matalin. We arrive in Managua Saturday and spend the day visiting with opposition leaders, the American embassy's *chargé d'affaires*, representatives of the Organization of American States (OAS) Observer Team, and Sandinista officials. Opposition spokesmen complain about increasing violence perpetrated at UNO rallies by the *turbas divinas* (the Sandinista-sponsored "divine mobs"). Foreign Ministry official Manuel Cordero dismisses the charges as "minor."

Sunday, we will briefly visit an UNO rally in Masatepe, a small town thirty miles south of Managua, then proceed deeper into the countryside to Matagalpa, where more serious tensions have been reported. As it turns out, we will never reach Matagalpa.

At about 11:30 A.M., we enter Masatepe, a typical Nicaraguan village whose ten thousand inhabitants live in (also typical) wretched poverty. We work our way toward the center of town, past idle bystanders, then growing groups of peasants, then—pandemonium. People are running to and from the square, where about two hundred UNO supporters are screaming and hurling stones. Several see our three jeeps approaching and run toward us crying "*¡Las turbas! ¡Las turbas! ¡Están aquí las turbas!*"—The Sandinista thugs are here.

A small hut on the western end of the square is surrounded by UNO supporters bombarding its sides and tin roof with heavy rocks, shattering windows. Up a short flight of stairs, in front of the village cathedral on the eastern end of the square, stand *turbas* raining down a rock bombardment of their own. No police or military officials are present to stop this, though we see one military truck drive past.

As we slowly make our way between them, both groups stop. We leave our jeeps, don our official blue and white election-observer caps and begin to question both sides. We are told that when the UNO rally began, the *turbas* began throwing rocks at the jeep carrying Doña Violeta Chamorro, UNO's presidential candidate. The *turbas* were chased to the square, where several were trapped in the shed and the rest regrouped in front of the cathedral.

As we talk, the stoning of the shed resumes; the Sandinista agitators burst out, cross the street, and jump into a party office. The others begin to taunt the crowd with insults. Fifty UNO marchers move toward them, but UNO organizers and OAS observers convince them to rejoin the rally, about four blocks west of the square.

We follow, through a crowd of UNO supporters packing the streets, the rooftops, even the make-shift stage. Homemade banners wave as vice-presidential candidate Dr. Virgilio Godoy and then "Doña Violeta" speak. The crowd of between 7,500 and 15,000 roars "UNO! UNO! UNO!"—interrupting speeches which can barely be heard through the primitive P.A. system. Then a new cry is heard: "*Vienen las turbas!*"

Some UNO supporters march peacefully up the street and are met by *turbas*, now armed with rocks, nail-studded clubs, and machetes. An argument breaks out. A thug charges forward and swings a machete into the UNO crowd. UNO supporters respond, some with their own machetes. Rocks fly. Peter Kelly, caught between the two forces, dives over a wall and watches as UNO forces drive back the *turbas*, but at a cost: a UNO bus comes up the street to carry off a woman. Her left arm has been chopped off by a *turba* machete.

We retreat down another street, then realize it is the route of the UNO

Mr. Bozell is chairman of the World Freedom Foundation and publisher of Media Watch.

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march; Mrs. Chamorro's jeep is directly behind us, and thousands of supporters are behind her. Our group has split up. I am with former DNC Chief of Staff Wally Chalmers, Mary Matalin, and others; Robert Beckel (former Mondale for President campaign manager) and a friend are about 15 feet ahead. In a sudden commotion—running, shouting, shoving—Beckel disappears, enveloped by the crowd. Knocked to the ground, he manages to grab a little girl and shield her with his body, then looks up to witness a *turba* rip his machete into a UNO supporter, opening a wound from his left shoulder to his right hip. The man will soon be dead.

Still there is no sign of the police. The *turbas* have blocked off the intersection and are going to attack Mrs. Chamorro's jeep, but the peasants form a wall to protect her. Her jeep slowly backs up and retreats through side streets to the main road, and back to Managua.

Skirmishes erupt all over. Word goes out that one or more of the machete-wielders are hiding in a nearby Sandinista Front campaign office. One hundred angry UNO marchers rain a barrage of rocks through its windows, tear down and burn a Sandinista flag, and overturn and stone a UNO jeep parked in front. Rumors circulate: A man with a gun has been spotted inside. Yes, he has a gun at the head of a hostage. A new call rings out: There are children inside. CFD President Allen Weinstein and his assistant, Caleb McCarry, courageously plead with the UNO mob for the lives of the children. After several minutes, the stoning pauses as a frightened mother hugging her infant daughter comes out the front, then resumes with greater ferocity. An explosion rings out and black smoke fills the street: the jeep has been set afire.

It's a full-fledged riot now. Two and a half hours have gone by without sign of the police or army. We travel the four blocks to the police station and are told the chief of police "is in a meeting." Weinstein, insistent, gets him out of his "meeting" and demands to know why nothing is being done to stop the riot. The chief responds that his understanding was there was an argument going on "between two women."

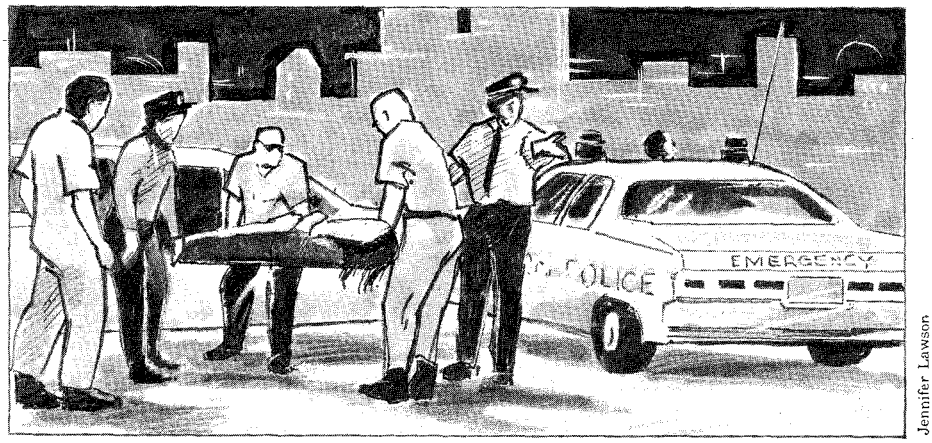
After further pleas, he reluctantly agrees to investigate, accompanied by Weinstein, McCarry, an OAS representative, and a UNO official. But when they are within twenty feet of the houses under siege, two bursts of semi-automatic fire erupt from the vicinity of the buildings. As the crowd dives for cover, the gunman escapes. Several soldiers finally arrive, and the peasants disperse without further incident. We return to Managua, shaken by what we've witnessed, prayerful for the dead and wounded. Grateful to be alive.

In the next 24 hours we learn that the *turbas* returned to Masatepe and surrounding towns that evening—this time wearing masks. They machine-gunned several UNO homes, dousing two with gasoline, beat up one UNO official, and spared the life of another only because of the tearful pleas of his children. They also took the body of the dead UNO supporter, proclaimed him a victim of UNO terrorism, and buried him in a Sandinista Front ceremony.

There's more. The night before the rally all electricity to Masatepe was cut so as to bring in, under the cover of darkness, the truckloads of *turbas*. On the morning of the rally, Sandinista officials tried to disrupt it by ordering local schoolchildren and parents to a special meeting. The Sandinista campaign manager inadvertently admitted to being in radio contact with the Masatepe chief of police all afternoon, documenting conclusively the collusion between the local police and the Sandinista Front. Right and Left, we left Nicaragua convinced that under present circumstances there is no chance of a fair election. □

Stranger than Wolfe

DAVID BRUDNOY



Jennifer Lawson

BOSTON—The bizarre drama of Charles Stuart has been a spectacle for the nation, for it is as chilling as any tragedy of Aeschylus. But the chorus narrating the tale is unique to the Athens of America. What had seemed, since October 23, a particularly horrific case of common street violence emerged as a bizarre tale of cold-blooded murder of a woman and her unborn child, by the woman's husband, who then either shot himself in the belly or arranged for an accomplice to do so. He then threw himself off the Mystic–Tobin Bridge on January 4 after testimony linking him to the murders brought the police, it is said, close to apprehending him. "It is said" is said a great deal about this case, since rumor vies with fact in almost every facet.

Mr. Brudnoy is Boston's leading nighttime radio talk host, a film critic, and frequent commentator on television.

Charles Stuart, pictured for two months as the All-American Guy—Little League coach, neighborhood friend to all, family man extraordinaire—told the police on October 23 that a black man shot Carol Stuart in the skull (the baby was shortly thereafter delivered prematurely and died two weeks later) and then shot him in the abdomen. The nature of the shooting in a city rife with street crime and already rather notorious for its racial tensions led immediately to two conclusions, both obvious. 1) Charles Stuart was a victim; how else, after all, to account for his near-mortal wound? And 2) Charles Stuart's testimony about the age, sex, and race of the perpetrator was to be taken as gospel; why, after all, should the grieving widower and nearly murdered man lie about the incident?

The newspapers and talk programs dwelt on nothing but the Stuart case for weeks. We pro-capital-punishment

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types did the old I Told You So number. The frazzled nerves of a citizenry already nearly hysterical with anger and fear about drug-related crimes in Boston let fly with every imaginable opinion. Mayor Raymond Flynn, formerly an anti–forced busing leader and in recent years justifiably proud of a racially progressive record in City Hall, led the call for a widespread manhunt for the killer. Community leaders of all stripes, including many black leaders, decried the Stuart shootings.

When Stuart recovered sufficiently from his wounds to look at police photos and consider people at a police lineup, he reportedly said that one William Bennett most closely resembled the murderer. Bennett, with an archetypally unhappy background—poverty, low IQ, many previous scuffles with the law, and under suspicion for the shooting of a police officer and other crimes—became the prime suspect, at least in the newspapers and on the talk shows.

A few weeks before Christmas, the "word" came in that Charles Stuart had done the shooting himself. My newsroom colleagues, and presumably others around town, immediately poohpoohed the idea: how could Charles Stuart, the mournful widower, have done this terrible thing to his wife and baby and, more to the point, to himself?

By Christmas, additional rumors floated: he had a million-dollar life-insurance policy written for his wife recently; Another Woman visited him repeatedly in his hospital room; he had boasted to family members and friends that he was the culprit, ho ho. But in the giddy Yuletide atmosphere, the Stuart case was gone from the papers, ignored by and large on the talk shows, and only occasionally mentioned at the doughnut shops (where all good cops and talk hosts learn everything).

Then the suicide, and onrushing information: Matthew Stuart had ratted on his brother to the police. Some of Carol's effects were found in a river near the Stuart house, as was a gun. Other Stuart siblings were said to have known of the real nature of the crime within days after the shootings.

Whereupon, the mau-mauing of the flak-catchers began. People who had publicly accepted the Stuart story, like City Councilor Bruce Bolling (scion of a wealthy black real-estate and political family), now insisted that they knew all along that Bennett couldn't be guilty and that Charles Stuart was a rotter. Louis Farrakhan's man in Boston, "Minister" Don Muhammad, along with other black clergymen and legislators, organized protest meetings, some calling for the resignation of the mayor and Police Commissioner Francis ("Mickey") Roache. Then came the calls for The White Community, *en masse*, to apologize to The Black Community *en masse*. And, in good mau-mauing style, for reparations to The Black Community, for all the white sins against all the Negroes of Boston. William Bennett is immortalized in a newspaper headline: "My Life Is Ruined!" This, from a man who faces eternity in jail for other criminal activities.

The anti-capital-punishment forces are now doing I Told You So with gusto, though Bennett was never charged officially with the crime and had not been tried, much less convicted. The professional Racism Watch types have leapt into the stew with massive indictments of the entirety of white Boston for daring to assume that a nearly dead gunshot victim had told the truth when he identified his wife's killer as black.

Some, among a few who have tried to keep their heads while all around them the city has done its reflexive about-face, have reminded Boston of the rush to judgment among *blacks* in *l'affaire* Tawana Brawley, in the aftermath of which White America has *not* called on Black America to apologize or to provide reparations.

The story unfolds daily, mainly a widening net of implication of almost all members of the Stuart family, of supposed drug involvements by Charles Stuart, of ferociously high gambling debts, of that million-buck insurance policy, of the mysterious Other Woman, of . . . but there's no end to it. The guilt-mongers, the mau-mauers, are having a field day, and Boston has a new thrill for the new year: hating Charles Stuart, elevating William Bennett to innocence of all bad acts, and writhing in remorse over having believed an apparently dying man. □

McCarthy and Her Friends

ANTHONY DANIELS

Jennifer Lawson

HANOI—I re-read Mary McCarthy's book *Hanoi* in Hanoi. Miss McCarthy died while I was in Saigon, and her death was reported in the newspapers there, next to Rex Harrison's knighthood. Strangely enough, her 1968 book was not mentioned in the articles. Perhaps it was too embarrassing even for the Vietnamese.

For it was not sufficient that she considered America wrong; she was determined to find in North Vietnam, as it was then, a revolutionary Arcadia. Of course, she did. At a school, "the boys were good-looking, some beautiful even, with lustrous hair, shining eyes, soft clear skin—no acne in North Vietnam."

No one can visit Vietnam without being impressed—even now—by the scale, perseverance, and ingenuity of the Vietnamese war effort. Like all visitors, I was taken to see the Cu Chi tunnel system not far from Saigon, over 150 miles long and built on three levels, from which the Americans were never able to dislodge their enemy. I crawled a few hundred feet along the easier tunnels and felt the effect for days afterward. The Vietcong lived in the tunnels for weeks, months, years.

Still, it is possible—though not for Miss McCarthy—to admire the Pyramids without subscribing to the religious beliefs of the Pharaohs. Her personal contribution to the Vietnamese war effort was an heroic resistance to the urgings of common sense. Followed

Mr. Daniels is a freelance writer whose books include Zanzibar to Timbuktu *and* Coups and Cocaine.

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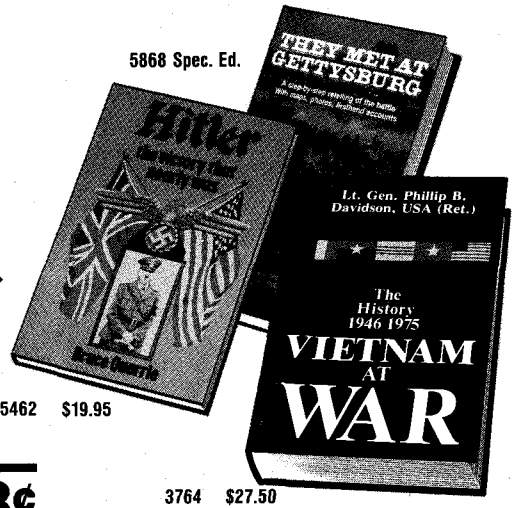

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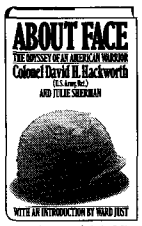

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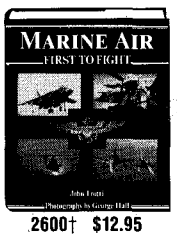

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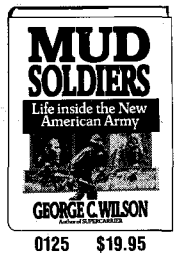

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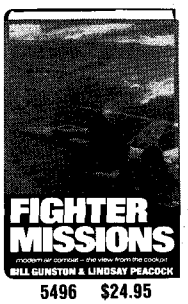

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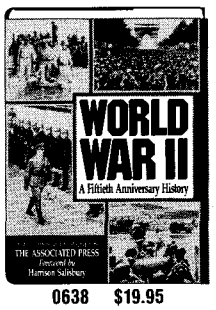

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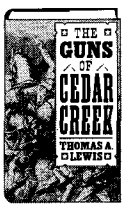

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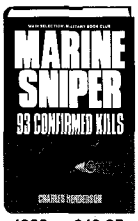

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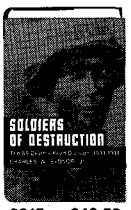

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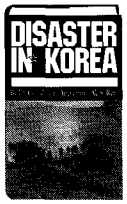

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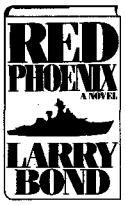

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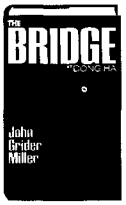

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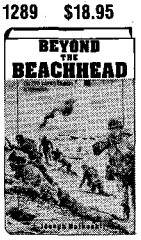

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every waking moment, even to the lavatory, by a minder, she was touched by the concern for her welfare and safety. Equating her note-taking with the secret-police report she thought the North Vietnamese were compiling about her, she remarked: "But their ethic is in the service of the state, society, and mine is more selfish." Noticing that the North Vietnamese press was drearily uniform, she commented, "the license to criticize [is] just another capitalist luxury, a waste product of the system . . . access to information that does not lead to action may actually be unhealthy." Finding all printed and broadcast matter couched in typical Communist wooden language, she lamented the tyranny that the imperative for originality exerted over Western writers. Fully obeying this imperative, she ascribed the somewhat robotic quality of the captured U.S. airmen she met in the North to their American schooling.

An interesting counterpoint to the book was provided by Binh, a chemical engineer I met in Hanoi. He had been ten years in the army, some of them spent guarding American prisoners in bamboo jails in the jungle. Recalling the war, he spoke almost with amusement, not with bitterness, and certainly without triumph. He remembered how badly the Americans had fought, a consequence of their high standard of living. Vietnamese soldiers survived on a handful of boiled rice; American soldiers were weighed down with supplies.

Why, I asked, did the Vietnamese fight so hard and so long?

"We believed," replied Binh. The leaders had told them that Vietnam would be free, happy, and prosperous once both internal and external enemies had been defeated; and with no source of information about the outside world or about the history of the Soviet Union, the faith had been universal. So, now, was the disillusionment.

Binh and I walked together through the Revolutionary Museum, vast and echoing with the absence of visitors. Only tourists and schoolchildren on compulsory outings go there. We paused at an enlarged photograph of Ho Chi Minh's respectfully worded submission to the Versailles Peace Conference of 1919. He requested unrestricted freedom of the press, freedom of association, freedom to travel, and the same legal guarantees for Vietnamese as for French citizens. These were arrogantly refused, of course. Seventy years later, I asked Binh how many of these desiderata had been achieved. He laughed, this time not without bitterness.

Binh had been sent to Belgium for three months' technical training. There, he concluded that there was but one kind of freedom and one kind of democracy, and Vietnam had neither.

Pausing in the Revolutionary Museum, and feeling rather as if I were questioning the existence of God before a Muslim in Mecca, I asked whether this meant he now believed Ho Chi Minh had deceived the people.

"Yes," he replied. And was this the opinion of many Vietnamese? "Many." Then the war was not worthwhile?

"No."

These conclusions by a man who had spent the best years of his life contributing to the success of a cause in which he had wholeheartedly believed were not without a certain impact.

Nevertheless, Vietnam has changed almost out of recognition in the last few months. No doubt under pressure from a bankrupt Soviet paymaster, Vietnam has enacted a foreign-investment code said to be the most generous in Asia, returned land to the peasants and freed the market in whatever they produce (transforming the country almost overnight into one of the biggest exporters of rice in the world, when previously people had been obliged to cross illegally into Thailand in search of rice), and countenanced a vast contraband trade with both Thailand and China that has resulted in the creation of myriad small businesses throughout the country, so that even Hanoi now throbs with the anarchic life of the marketplace. In this city of revolutionary virtue, there are now discos and dance halls with flashing lights and the latest decadent music. Pictures of Ho Chi Minh have been replaced on the walls of shops and offices with those of Japanese television stars. Lovers stroll hand in hand, oblivious of ideology. There are cafés again, and much of the city is given over to commercial activity.

How Mary McCarthy would have hated it! "Material scarcity," she wrote of wartime Hanoi, "is regarded as a piece of good luck." Then Prime Minister Pham Van Dong "spoke of our automobile–TV culture as of something distastefully gross and heavy. . . . With a full-lipped contempt . . . he rejected the notion of a socialist consumer society."

We are here near the very essence of socialism's intellectual snobbery and withering disdain for people as they actually are (hence the need to construct the New Man). When Pham Van Dong emphasized to her the need for strict control of the economy, Miss McCarthy had this to say:

> In Vietnam I perceived—what doubtless I should have known before—that the fear of decentralization and local autonomy evinced by Communist leaders is not necessarily an abject solicitude for their own continuance in power; it is also a fear of human nature as found in their countrymen.

Her prognostications could not have been more mistaken. "The wares of modern consumer society as displayed in the South" have not served, as she thought they might, "as a deterrent for their Northern brothers, like some dreadful emetic mixed with alcohol to cure a taste for drinking." The people are tired of compulsory virtue and heroism: they want to live, and life in the twentieth century implies consumption.

It also implies freedom. Here the reforms in Vietnam have been less than striking. Displaying something uncannily resembling "an abject solicitude for [his] own continuance in power" the general secretary of the party, Nguyen Van Linh, has warned against the poison of political pluralism and of the necessity to maintain democratic centralism. Referring to Lenin's New Economic Policy—not a comforting historical analogy—he said that the object of the economic reforms was ultimately to facilitate the "construction of large-scale socialist industry." Alarmed, if not terrified, by the events in Eastern Europe, Nguyen Van Linh took the ominous step of congratulating Rumania and Ceaucescu (then still fully in power) on their "achievements." What the party gives, the party can take back.

However, there must exist a point of no return. This point might more readily be reached were the U.S. to allow investment in Vietnam, a land of nearly seventy million graceful, intelligent, but desperately poor people. It would then at last have won their hearts and minds, for as Miss McCarthy percipiently reflected: "What if the enemy, capitalism, repulsed by air and foiled by land . . . should creep in the back way . . .? Then all the sacrifices of the war would have been in vain."

The Communist sacrifices, perhaps; but not the American ones. □

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VICTIMS OF COMMUNISM

The Unquiet Graves of Yalta

Forty-five years ago, seventy thousand Cossacks and Yugoslavs were "repatriated" to torture, slavery, and death at the hands of Stalin and Tito. Was this a war crime? Who was responsible? Last month a London court disturbed the ghosts.

ALISTAIR HORNE

NINETEEN EIGHTY-NINE in London closed with the libel hearing of all time. *Aldington* v. *Tolstoy* (a lord and an émigré count, together with a second defendant, plain Mr. Nigel Watts) resulted in record damages of £1.5 million. Costs of an estimated further £1 million were awarded against the two defendants; none of which, they promptly declared, could they possibly pay. The allegation against which the plaintiff, Lord Aldington, was suing was that he was a "war criminal" who had sent back seventy thousand Cossacks and anti-Tito Yugoslavs to their deaths in 1945.

At times, the case, which ran for a near record of eight weeks in the sulphurous confines of a tiny courtroom, threatened to become not just a matter of libel, but a major war-crimes trial—against Britain. The savage charges had been around for many years, but the manner of their being repeated, day after day, in the press and TV coverage, affected British consciences like nothing else in living memory.

The whole story goes back to the infamous Yalta agreement, signed by Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin at the beginning of 1945, when the defeat of Germany was already a certainty; and, indeed, it often seemed that the Yalta signatories should have been the principal defendants standing in the witness box in Courtroom 13. Under Yalta, all Soviet citizens captured while serving, or having served, with the Germans were to be repatriated—forcibly if necessary. As the European war ended in May 1945, British troops had reached the Austrian province of Carinthia. There, amid the terrible chaos of defeat, they found some four hundred thousand surrendered German troops, and among them forty thousand "White Russians." Some of these had committed appalling crimes during the war (for which they earned the group as a whole scant respect among the war-weary British); but a lesser number were old émigrés from the time of the Russian Revolution, who were *not* Soviet citizens, and who should never have been sent back.

However, most of them were repatriated, amid appalling scenes of brutality. The old émigrés were either executed, or despatched to long sentences in Gulag. Also repatriated at the same time were miscellaneous groups of Yugoslavs who had fought against Tito. They, too, suffered enormities of torture and massacre at the hands of the Communist Yugoslavs. But, unlike those claimed by the Soviet Union, they were *not* covered by the Yalta agreement; and, indeed, the Serbian Chetniks among them had actually fought, for a while, on the Allied side. But their return was dictated by military expediency. The weakened British forces were faced with a major threat from the Titoist Yugoslavs; and, it has to be said, were not supported by their American brethren-in-arms. In the military parlance of the time, the "area had to be cleared" in order to face possible action against Tito. Thus the price paid for securing parts of Austria and northern Italy against an envisaged Communist threat was a dreadful human injustice.

This was the background. I myself first heard about the repatriations shortly after I had left the British Army, at the end of the war, from my godmother, Kitty Atholl—a tiny and valiant anti-Communist, unkindly nicknamed "the Red Duchess" for her unorthodox criticism of official Tory policy. She had started a "League

Mr. Horne's second, and final, volume of the official life of British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan was published by Viking–Penguin in November. It was selected by the New York Times *as one of the 13 "best books" of 1989.*

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for European Freedom" through which—a still small voice in the wilderness of the late Forties—she fought tirelessly against Soviet brutalities in Eastern Europe.

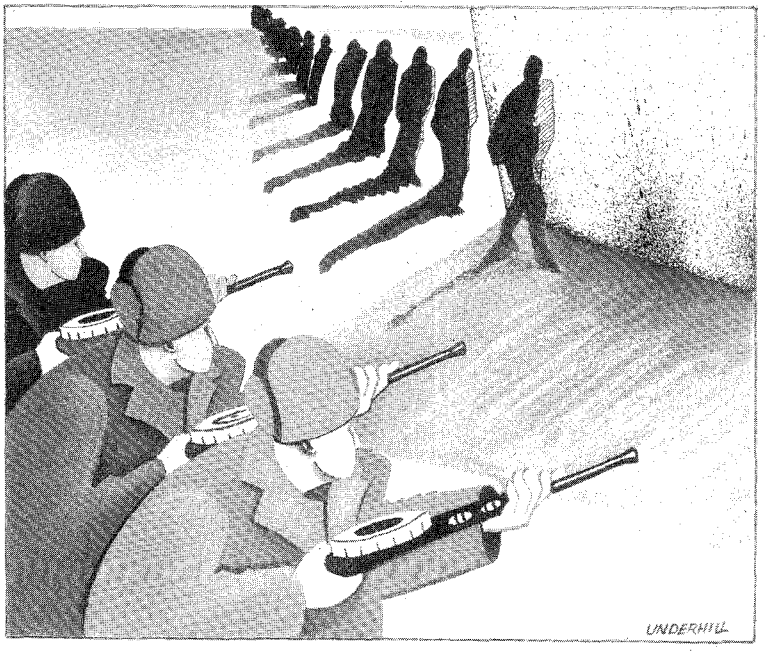
Thirty years later, in 1974, revelations by Solzhenitsyn about the 1945 repatriations gave rise to a courageous and harrowing exposé by Nicholas Bethell, called *The Last Secret*. Three years later, the standard was taken up by Nikolai Tolstoy, in the first (and best) of his three books on the subject, *The Victims of Yalta*. As the title would suggest, Tolstoy lambasted the British framers of the Yalta provisions, as well as those whom he deemed personally responsible for the 1945 repatriations. It was an honorable, and profoundly disturbing book which pulled no punches. Tolstoy at the time was 43 years old, a second-generation Anglo-Russian, collaterally related to the great novelist. His father had dropped the title of "Count"; young Nikolai retained it. An extraordinarily attractive, intense young man with piercing blue eyes, Nikolai, for all his Russian blood always affected to dress like an English Edwardian squire.

Yet his writing came increasingly to reveal a fanatical obsessiveness that was more Slav than Anglo-Saxon. Appalled by the injustice inflicted upon his fellow White Russians, and dedicated to the cause of seeing that it should be requited on a public platform, Tolstoy progressively persuaded himself that the repatriations had flowed from an evil conspiracy. In *Stalin's Secret War* (1981), his second book (described by a not-unfriendly reviewer as "unbearably strident"), he squarely pinned the blame on Harold Macmillan as the central villain in the conspiracy.

This is where I came in, having recently been appointed (in 1978) the former Prime Minister's official biographer. Trying to weave a way through the tangled cobweb of truths, half-truths, and downright inaccuracies woven by Tolstoy proved to be one of the longest and most arduous tasks I have ever undertaken as a writer; it was certainly the most difficult part of the whole biography. Equally the charges made by Tolstoy were the most serious that had ever been leveled against any British Prime Minister. To have evaded them, or appeared to sweep them under the carpet, would have been a gross dereliction of a biographer's duty.

In simplest terms, the charges were these: In May 1945 Macmillan, who was Churchill's Political Advisor to the Allied C-in-C of the Mediterranean, Field Marshal Alexander, had been sent by Alexander to Carinthia to advise the Corps Commander there, one General Sir Charles Keightley, on how to deal with the problem of Tito and his Soviet backers, then pressing aggressively on the door. According to Tolstoy, during the brief encounter of an hour or so, Macmillan managed to "conspire" with Keightley and his right-hand man, a thirty-year-old much-decorated brigadier called Toby Low (who later became Lord Aldington, and a pillar of the Tory Party), to send back all the "White Russians." This was flouting the orders of the high command, and deliberately deceiving both his best friend, Alexander, and his boss, Winston Churchill.

IT WOULD BE impossible here to go into all the evidence, on both sides, which I set out at length in Volume I of *Harold Macmillan*; but there was a time when the case against Macmillan looked daunting. The detective work carried out by Tolstoy was most diligent, and praiseworthy—but (as it turned out) incomplete. So many replies to key army signals appeared to be missing; from which Tolstoy would often conclude that they had been destroyed, or suppressed. At the same time, however, I personally had a strong hunch—based on little at the time, apart from my own experience as a wartime soldier of how the military mind actually works—that the kind of "conspiracy" alleged by Tolstoy was most improbable, simply on the grounds that too many senior officers would have to have been



"in the know." Equally, Tolstoy had elucidated no motive whatsoever for the Macmillan–Keightley–Low "conspiracy."

Tolstoy's third, wildest and most irresponsible book, *The Minister and the Massacres* (published in 1986) at last came out with a motivation: Macmillan (who was, of course, the "Minister") had in some way been in the thrall of the KGB! It was a bad book, based on a few thoroughly specious suppositions (I counted 262 "seems" or "might-have-beens" in almost as many pages, before I gave up), and in it Tolstoy jeopardized what claim he had to be a serious and objective historian by his tendency to shape the facts around conclusions he had already formed. He also committed the fundamental error (not uncommon among contemporary historians) of judging the actions of the past with the knowledge and standards of today. In addition, the book was highly libelous of both Macmillan and Low/Aldington (Keightley, being dead, was beyond the avail of British

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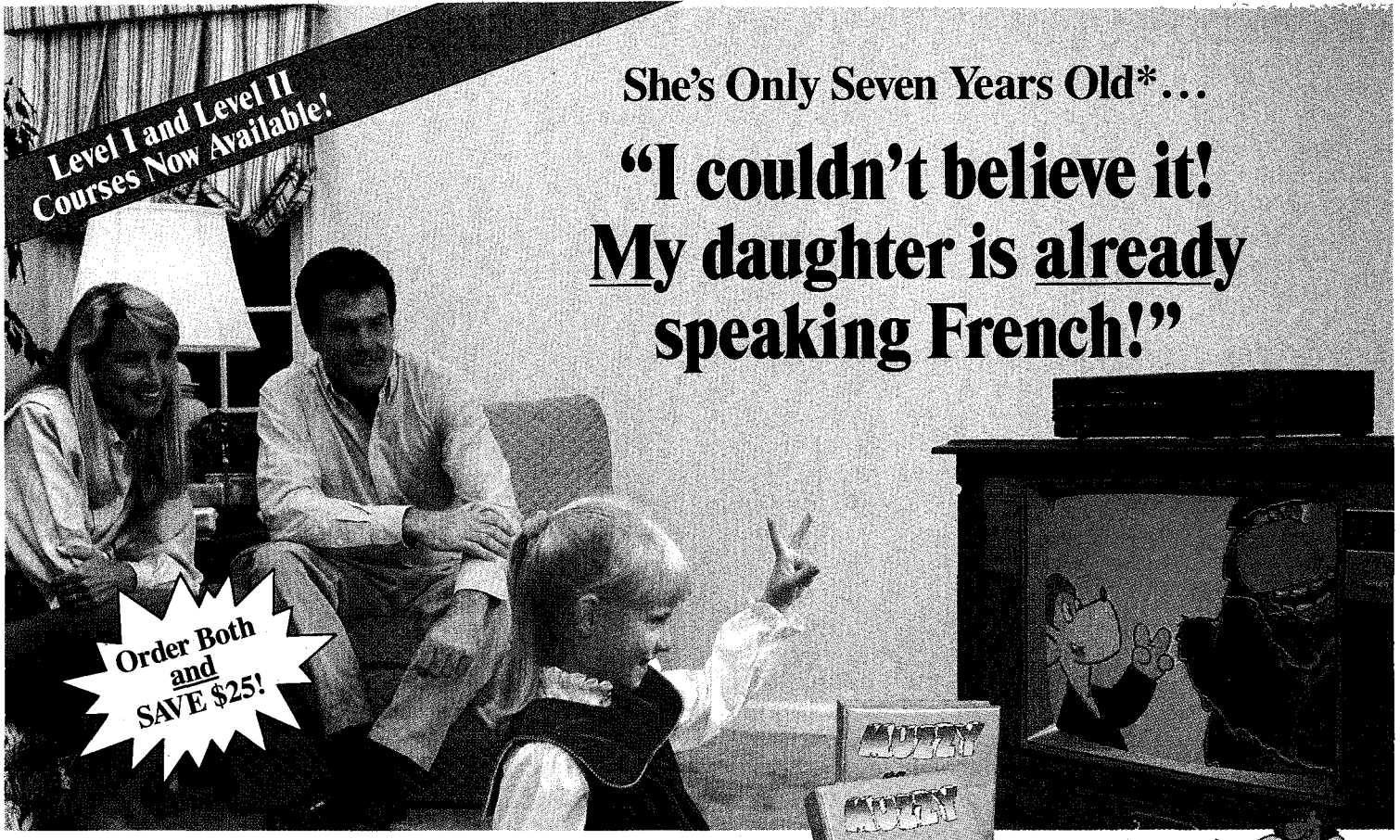

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libel laws). Friends and relatives urged Harold Macmillan (by then the Earl of Stockton) to sue, but—already 92—he reckoned (correctly) that he could not have withstood an ordeal in court such as was imposed on Lord Aldington this past year. He died in December 1986, not surviving to see his vindication; the Tolstoy allegations undoubtedly made his last years miserable.

Macmillan and Aldington both consistently refused to see Tolstoy. When Macmillan was first approached for an interview, he was already over eighty; he turned down many of the applications to take up his time (he received a plethora from young American PhD students); and he had, perhaps intuitively, no high regard for Tolstoy's credentials as an "historian." But, in being rebuffed by Macmillan and Aldington, Tolstoy assumed that both must have been guilty of a "conspiracy."

In retrospect, what I recall as being particularly distasteful at the time was the *credulity* with which the media and the British literary establishment reacted to the Tolstoy allegations. Even among the most respectable journalists and historians, who should have known better, one encountered a strong (and immediate) belief that Tolstoy *had* to be right, that Macmillan *had* to be a villain. It was not dissimilar to the credulity with which allegations were accepted, many years ago, that Winston Churchill had personally had General Wladyslaw Sikorski, the Polish hero, murdered.

Perhaps equally distasteful was the way in which Tolstoy's publishers so readily accepted *The Minister and the Massacres*. Century Hutchinson must surely have been aware that several other publishers had rejected it on the grounds that the book was libelous, if not of Aldington, then certainly of Macmillan. It was to cost them £30,000 subsequently in an out-of-court settlement to a separate libel action by Aldington.

Tolstoy's obsession had brought him into contact, in 1985 with Nigel Watts, a Kent property developer who had a burning private grievance against Lord Aldington. Watts felt that his sister had suffered an injustice when the Sun Alliance insurance—of which Aldington was then chairman—refused to pay out on an accident policy after the death of her husband. For Watts, Tolstoy drafted a pamphlet, accusing Aldington of being a "major war criminal whose activities merit comparison with those of the worst butchers of Nazi Germany or Soviet Russia." It further charged him with "having issued every order and arranged every detail of the lying and brutality which resulted in these massacres." Ten thousand copies were circulated where they would inflict the greatest injury upon Aldington—including residents of the village where he lived and the parents of boys at Winchester College, Aldington's old school, of which he was then warden.

Tolstoy had, this time, gone too far—much too far. Aldington suffered a flood of anonymous telephone calls. He sued Watts for libel. In a mad act of courage or self-immolation, depending on how one looks at it—Tolstoy then established yet another precedent for British libel annals: he put up his hand and said, in effect, "me too." Up to now, Tolstoy had not been involved in Aldington's suit. But his association with Watts, who was palpably motivated by malice, and who did not help his case by storming out of court during the judge's summing up, clearly cost him dear when the final bill came to be paid.

It took two and a half years for the case to come to trial. In the meantime new evidence had been gathered that was devastating to Tolstoy's "conspiracy" thesis. In addition to, and largely supporting, the material that I had managed to collate on Macmillan's role, an ex-army brigadier, Tony Cowgill, had independently taken it upon himself to track down all the "missing links" in the story. Many of the signals declared "suppressed" by Tolstoy were turned up by Cowgill's persistence. Well before the trial his committee had reached "the view—quite different from where we had all started—that Tolstoy had in fact got his interpretation of what happened in 1945 crucially wrong." Among other things, a set of documents discovered in Washington, D.C., after the trial had actually begun revealed such a wealth of discussion of the repatriation plans on various British army levels that the "conspiracy" theme collapsed totally.

Even among the most respectable journalists and historians, one encountered a strong belief that Tolstoy* had *to be right, that Macmillan* had *to be a villain.

In Cowgill's opinion, Macmillan was left entirely in the clear; it remained with the jury in Courtroom 13 to dispense justice for Aldington. But a jury including one black, one Asian, and six women, all too young to have been in the war, seemed remote from the dreadful events of 1945, as one after another elderly Cossack and Yugoslav survivor filed through the witness box to give searing evidence for Tolstoy. Whatever one may have thought of Tolstoy's case, his articulateness and courage in the box demanded admiration; it was the kind of courage that, in wartime, might have gained a Victoria Cross (probably posthumous).

Tolstoy was, however, remorseless in his repetition of the war-crimes charges against Aldington in court; at several times when I was there the old man was reduced to tears. It was this arrogant impenitence, and Tolstoy's inability to ascribe any rational motive to Aldington, that must have sunk him in the jurors' eyes. At the end of eight weeks in court, they vindicated the honor of the old soldier, Lord Aldington, and found that

(Continues on page 59)

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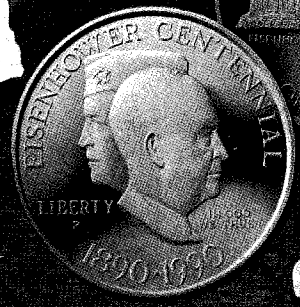

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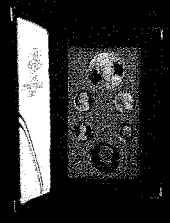

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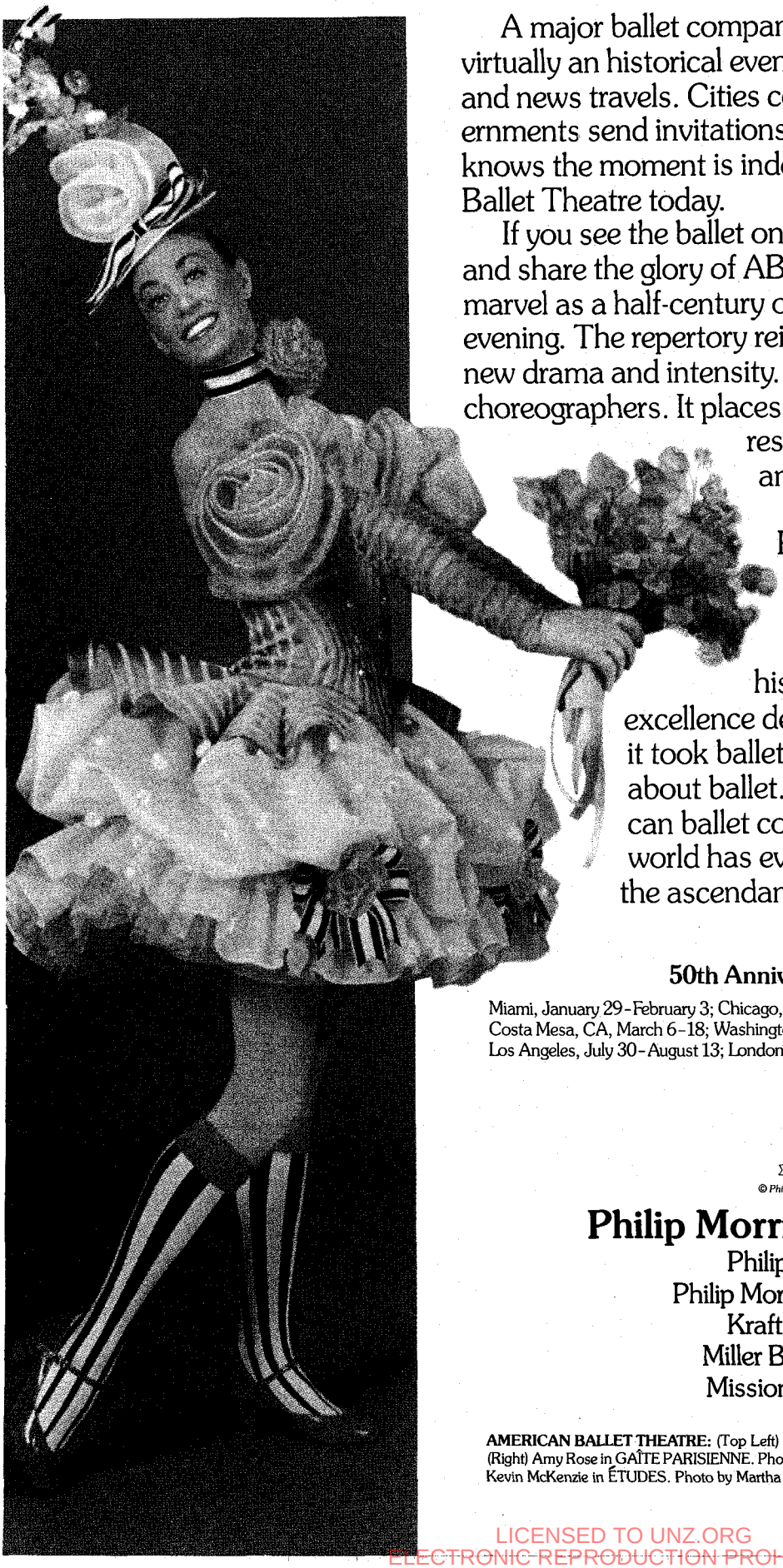

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AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE: (Top Left) Cynthia Harvey in LA BAYADERE. Photo by Gregory Heisler. (Right) Amy Rose in GAÎTE PARISIENNE. Photo by Martha Swope. (Bottom) Ross Stretton, Martine van Hamel, Kevin McKenzie in ÉTUDES. Photo by Martha Swope.

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OPIUM OF THE PEOPLE

The Federal Drugstore

Should we legalize narcotics? William Bennett says no—drug use causes crime in the ghetto. That is too simple, replies Michael S. Gazzaniga, professor of neuroscience at Dartmouth Medical School. Crime increases despair in the ghetto, which leads to greater drug use. And crimes such as murder and robbery are in turn promoted by the illegality of narcotics. National Review questions Professor Gazzaniga about the relative potency—and frequency of use and abuse—of crack, cocaine, heroin, and marijuana to alter minds, lives, and society.

Q: Professor Gazzaniga, as you know, there are those who have recommended the decriminalization of drugs. Before we take up a concrete proposal coming in from that quarter, we want to ask you a question or two, the answers to which will shed light on any such proposal. The first question is this:

It is said that the drug crack is substantively different from its parent drug, cocaine, in that it is, to use the term of Professor van den Haag, "crimogenic." In other words a certain (unspecified) percentage of those who take crack are prompted to—well, to go out and commit mayhem of some kind. Is that correct?

A: No, not in the way you put it. What you are asking is, Is there something about how crack acts on the brain that makes people who take it likelier to commit crime?

Let's begin by making it clear what crack is. It is simply cocaine that has been mixed with baking soda, water, and then boiled. What this procedure does is to permit cocaine to be smoked. Now any drug ingested in that way—i.e., absorbed by the lungs—goes more efficiently to the brain, and the result is a quicker, more intense experience. That is what crack gives the consumer. But its impact on the brain is the same as with plain cocaine and, as a matter of fact, amphetamines. No one has ever maintained that these drugs are "crimogenic."

The only study I know about that inquires into the question of crack breeding crime reports that most homicides involving crack were the result not of the use of crack, but of dealer disputes. Crack did not induce users to commit crimes. Do some crack users commit crimes? Of course. After all, involvement in proscribed drug traffic is dangerous. Moreover, people who commit crimes tend to use drugs at a high rate, though which drug they prefer varies from one year to the next.

Q: You are telling us that an increase in the use of crack would not mean an increase in crime?

A: I am saying that what increase there would be in crime would not be simply the result of the pharmacology of that drug. Look, let's say there are 200,000 users/abusers of crack in New York City—a number that reflects one of the current estimates. If so, and if the drug produced violent tendencies in all crack users, the health-care system would have come to a screeching halt. It hasn't. In fact, in 1988 the hospitals in New York City (the crack capital of the world) averaged only seven crack-related admissions, city-wide, a day. The perception of crack-based misbehavior is exaggerated because it is the cases that show up in the emergency rooms that receive public notice, and the whole picture begins to look very bleak. All of this is to say: when considering any aspect of the drug problem, keep in mind the matter of selection of the evidence.

It is prudent to recall that, in the past, dangerous and criminal behavior has been said to have been generated by other drugs, for instance marijuana (you remember *Reefer Madness*?). And bear it in mind that since cocaine is available everywhere, so is crack available everywhere, since the means of converting the one into the other are easy, and easily learned. It is important to note that only a small percentage of cocaine users actually convert their stuff to crack. Roughly one in six.

Mr. Gazzaniga is the Andrew W. Thomson Jr. Professor of Psychiatry (Neuroscience) at Dartmouth Medical School. He is editor-in-chief of the Journal of Cognitive Neuroscience *(MIT Press) and his most recent book is* Mind Matters *(Houghton Mifflin, 1988).*

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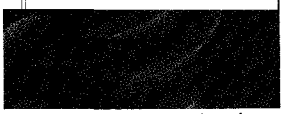

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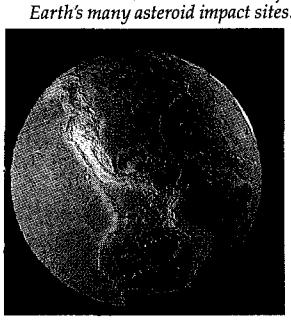

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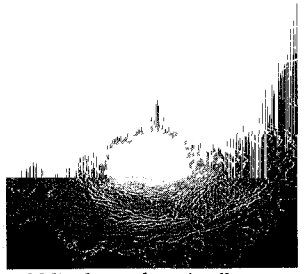

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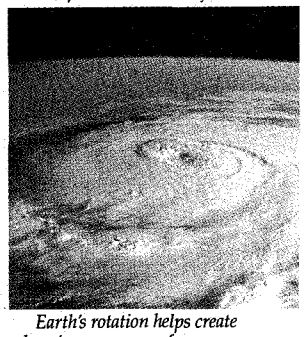

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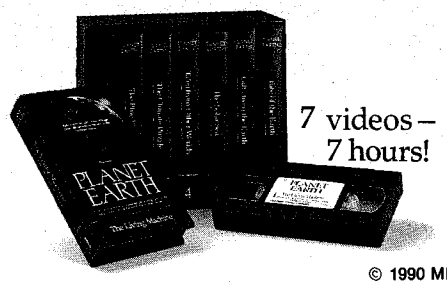

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Q: Then would it follow that even if there were an increase in the use of crack, the legalization of it would actually result in a decrease in crime?

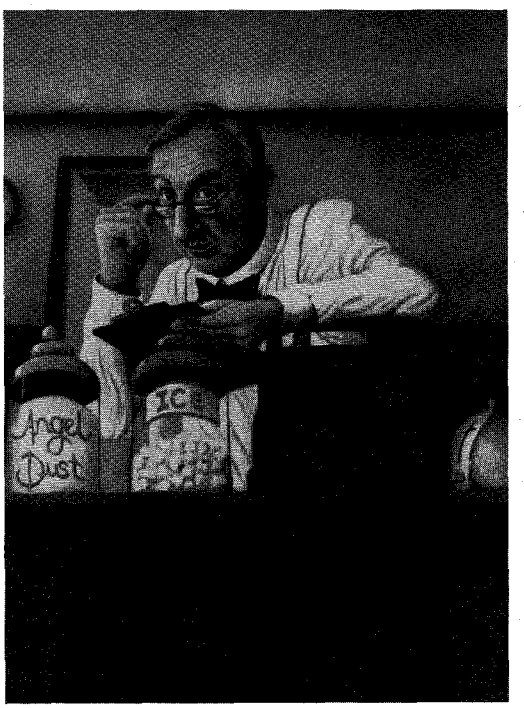
A: That is correct.

Q: Isn't crack a drug whose addictive power exceeds that of many other drugs? If that is the case, one assumes that people who opt to take crack do so because it yields the faster and more exhilarating satisfactions to which you make reference.

A: That is certainly the current understanding, but there are no solid data on the question. Current observations are confounded by certain economic variables. Crack is cheap—

Q: Why? If cocaine is expensive, how can crack be cheap?

A: Cocaine costs $1,000 per ounce if bought in quantity. One ounce can produce one thousand vials of crack, each of which sells for $5. The drug abuser is able to experience more drug episodes. Crack being cheap, the next high can come a lot more quickly and since there is a down to every up, or high, the cycle can become intense.



So yes, crack is addictive. So is cocaine. So are amphetamines. The special punch of crack, as the result of going quickly via the lungs to the brain, may prompt some abusers to want more. By the way, it is the public knowledge that crack acts in this way that, as several studies document, causes most regular cocaine users to be cautious about crack. The casual-to-moderate user very clearly wants to stay in that category. So, all you can say is that there is a *perception*, widely shared, that crack is more addictive. Whether it is, isn't really known. One thing we do know is that crack does not begin to approach tobacco as a nationwide health hazard. For every crack-related death, there are three hundred tobacco-related deaths.

Q: You are confusing us. You say that because of the especially quick effects that come from taking crack, there is a disposition on the part of the user to want more. Isn't that a way of saying that it is more addictive? If someone, after smoking, say, ten cigarettes, begins to want cigarettes every day, isn't tobacco "addictive," as you say it is? Or are you saying that crack finds most users indifferent to the highs it brings on, and for *that* reason it can't be said to be more addictive than cocaine?

A: The current, official definition of an addict is someone who compulsively seeks psychoactive drugs. The definition, you will note, focuses on human behavior, not on pharmacologic action on the brain. In respect of crack, there are factors that might lead to a higher rate of addiction. Some of these factors are certainly social in nature and some may be pharmacologic. The purported higher rate of addiction among crack users could be due to social values, for instance the low cost of crack. We simply don't know as yet.

Keep in mind our experience with LSD. When it was fashionable to take it, droves did so. But LSD has unpleasant side-effects, and eventually the use of it greatly diminished. In drugs, as in much else, there is a strong tendency to follow the herd. Sorting out the real threat from the hyperbole takes time.

Another example of hyperbole is the recent claim that there were 375,000 "crack babies" born last year; how could that possibly be, when the government (the National Institutes on Drug Abuse) informs us that there were only 500,000 crack *users* last year? Exaggeration and misinformation run rampant on this subject.

Q: Well, if crack were legally available alongside cocaine and, say, marijuana, what would be the reason for a consumer to take crack?

A: You need to keep your drug classifications straight. If your goal were, pure and simple, to get high, you might try crack or cocaine, or some amphetamine. You wouldn't go for marijuana, which is a mild hallucinogen and tranquilizer. So, if you wanted to be up and you didn't have much time, you might go to crack. But then if it were absolutely established that there was a higher addiction rate with crack, legalization could, paradoxically, diminish its use. This is so because if cocaine were reduced to the same price as crack, the abuser, acknowledging the higher rate of addiction, might forgo the more intensive high of crack, opting for the slower high of cocaine. Crack was introduced years ago as offering an alluring new psychoactive experience. But its special hold on the ghetto is the result of its price. Remember that—on another front—we know that 120-proof alcohol doesn't sell as readily as the 86 proof, not by a long shot, even though the higher the proof, the faster the psychological effect that alcohol users are seeking.

Q: The basic question, we take it, has got to be this: It is everywhere assumed that if drugs were legal, their consumption would increase. That guess is based on empirical observations of a past phenomenon. Mr. Bennett, for instance, has said that when Prohibition ended, the consumption of alcohol increased by 400 per cent. What are your comments on that?

A: Books and even careers have been built around studies of the Eighteenth Amendment. Arguments about its meaning continue to rage in the scientific journals.

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Arguments always continue when available data are inconclusive.

Most experts insist that the rate of alcohol use before Prohibition was the same as after. Some qualify that assertion by pointing out that the pre-Prohibition rate of consumption was not realized again until years after Prohibition was over. From this we are invited to conclude that, in that sense, Prohibition was really successful—i.e., it interrupted many potential drinkers on their way to the saloon. And then some point out that although alcohol was freely available during Prohibition, it was harder to get in some parts of America. Even so overall consumption was rising (some say to pre-Prohibition levels) toward the middle and end of Prohibition.

The higher rate of consumption does not result in a higher rate of addiction. Virtually every study finds this to be the case.

Frankly, here is what's important: *There is a base rate of drug abuse, and it is achieved one way or another.* This is so even though there are researchers who point to different rates of abuse in different cultures. The trouble with that generality is that it is usually made without taking into account correlative factors, such as national traditions, the extent of education programs available, and so on. In which connection, I think the Federal Government should establish a study group to collect drug information from different cultures in an effort to get useful leads.

Q: Is there evidence that the current consumption of drugs is restrained by their illegality? We have read that ninety million Americans have experimented, at one time or another, with illegal drugs. Would more than ninety million have experimented with them if drugs had been legal?

A: I think illegality has little if anything to do with drug consumption—and, incidentally, I am certain that far more than ninety million Americans have at some point or other experimented with an illegal drug.

This gets to the issue of actual availability. Drugs are everywhere, simply everywhere. In terms of availability, drugs might just as well be legal as illegal. Now it has been argued that legalization will create a different social climate, a more permissive, more indulgent climate. It is certainly conceivable, primarily for that reason, that there would be greater initial use—the result of curiosity. But the central point is that human beings in all cultures tend to seek out means of altering their mental state, and that although some will shop around and lose the powers of self-discipline, most will settle down to a base rate of use, and a much smaller rate of abuse, and those rates are pretty much what we have in the United States right now.

Q: Then the factor of illegality, in your opinion, does not weigh heavily? But, we come to the critical question, if ninety million (or more) Americans have experimented with the use of drugs, why is drug abuse at such a (relatively) low level?

A: If you exclude tobacco, in the whole nation less than 10 per cent of the adult population abuses drugs. That is, 9 to 12 million adult Americans abuse drugs. That figure includes alcohol, by the way, and the figure remains fairly constant.

Consider alcohol. In our culture alone, 70 to 80 per cent of us use alcohol, and the abuse rate is now estimated at 5 to 6 per cent. We see at work here a major feature of the human response to drug availability, namely, the inclination to moderation. Most people are adjusted and are intent on living productive lives. While most of us, pursuing that goal, enjoy the sensations of euphoria, or anxiety reduction, or (at times) social dis-inhibition or even anaesthesia, we don't let the desire for these sensations dominate our behavior. Alcohol fills these needs for many people and its use is managed intelligently.

It is worth noting that the largest proportion of this drug is sold to the social drinker, not the drunk, just as most cocaine is sold to the casual user, not the addict. Now, early exposure to alcohol is common and inevitable, and youthful drinking can be extreme. Yet studies have shown that it is difficult to determine which drunk at the college party will evolve into a serious alcoholic. What is known is that the vast majority of early drinkers stop excessive drinking all by themselves. In fact, drug use of all types drops off radically with age.

Q: Wait a minute. Are you telling us that there is only a 10 per cent chance that any user will become addicted to a drug, having experimented with it?

A: The 10 per cent figure includes all drugs except tobacco. The actual risk for abuse of some drugs is much lower. Consider last year's National Household Survey (NHS), which was carried out by the National Institutes on Drug Abuse. It is estimated that some 21 million people tried cocaine in 1988. But according to the NHS only three million defined themselves as having used the drug at least once during the month preceding their interview. Most of the three million were casual users. Now think about it. *All* the cocaine users make up 2 per cent of the adult population, and the addicts make up less than one-quarter of 1 per cent of the total population. These are the government's own figures. Does that sound like an epidemic to you?

Q: But surely an epidemic has to do with the rate at which an undesirable occurrence is increasing. How many more cocaine users were there than the year before? Or the year before that?

A: The real question is whether or not more and more Americans are becoming addicted to something. Is the

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rate of addiction to psychoactive substances going up? The answer to that is a flat no. Are there fads during which one drug becomes more popular than another as the drug of abuse? Sure. But, when one drug goes up in consumption, others go down. Heroin use is down, and so is marijuana use. That is why the opiate and marijuana pushers are trying to improve their purity—so they can grab back some of their market share, which apparently they have done for heroin in New York City.

BUT, HAVING said that, you should know that the actual use of cocaine and all other illicit drugs is on the decline, according to the NHS. The just-published National High School Survey carried out by the University of Michigan reports that the same is true among high-school students. Crack is used at such a low rate throughout the country that its use can hardly be measured in most areas.

Q: Well, if a low addiction rate is the rule, how do we come to terms with the assertion, which has been made in reputable circles, that over 40 per cent of Americans fighting in Vietnam were using heroin and 80 per cent marijuana?

Inform a normally intelligent group of people about the tangible hazards of using a particular substance and the vast majority of them simply stop.

A: Stressful situations provoke a greater use of drugs. Vietnam was one of them. But what happens when the soldiers come home?

That point was examined in a large study by Dr. Lee Robbins at Washington University. During the Vietnam War, President Nixon ordered a study on the returning vets who seemed to have a drug problem. (Nixon didn't know what he was looking for, but he was getting a lot of flak on the point that the war was producing a generation of drug addicts.) Dr. Robbins chose to study those soldiers returning to the United States in 1971. Of the 13,760 Army enlisted men who returned and were included in her sample, 1,400 had a positive urine test for drugs (narcotics, amphetamines, or barbiturates). She was able to re-test 495 men from this sample a few months later. The results were crystal clear: Only 8 per cent of the men who had been drug positive in their first urine test remained so. In short, over 90 per cent of them, now that they were back home, walked away from drug use. And all of them knew how to get hold of drugs, if they had wanted them. Incidentally, Dr. Robbins did a follow-up study a couple of years later on the same soldiers. She reported there had not been an increase in drug use.

Q: Aha! You are saying that under special circumstances, the use of drugs increases. Well, granted there was stress in Vietnam. Isn't there stress also in American ghettos?

A: Floyd Bloom of the Scripps Medical Institute—one of the foremost brain scientists in the country—has posited that most psychoactive drugs work on the brain's reward systems. There is good neurobiologic research to support this idea. It is an idea that can easily be understood and applied to everyday life.

What it tells you is that some people want artificial ways of getting their kicks out of life, but also that some people need those artificial crutches. If you live in poverty and frustration, and see few rewards available to you, you are likelier than your better-satisfied counterpart to seek the escape of drugs, although the higher rate of consumption does not result in a higher rate of addiction. Virtually every study finds this to be the case with one possibly interesting twist. A recent Department of Defense study showed that drug use in the military was lower for blacks than for whites, the reverse of civilian life. (It is generally agreed that the military is the only institution in our country that is successfully integrated.) In short, environmental factors play an important role in the incidence of drug use.

Q: So you are saying that there are social circumstances that will raise the rate of consumption, but that raising the rate of consumption doesn't in fact raise the rate of addiction. In other words, if 50 per cent of the troops in Vietnam had been using crack, this would not have affected the rate at which, on returning to the United States, they became addicted. They would have kicked the habit on reaching home?

A: That's the idea. Drug consumption can go up in a particular population, fueled by stress, but the rate of addiction doesn't go up no matter what the degree of stress. Most people can walk away from high drug use if their lives become more normal. Of course, the stress of the ghetto isn't the only situation that fuels high drug consumption. Plenty of affluent people who for some reason or another do not find their lives rewarding also escape into drugs.

Q: IF IT IS TRUE, then, that only a small percentage of those who take crack will end up addicted, and that that is no different from the small percentage who, taking one beer every Saturday night, will become alcoholics, what is the correct way in which to describe the relative intensity of the addictive element in a particular drug?

A: That is an interesting question and one that can't satisfactorily be answered until much more research is done. There are conundrums. Again, it is estimated that 21 million people tried cocaine in 1988. Yet, of those, only 3 million currently use it, and only a small percentage are addicted. As for crack, it is estimated that 2.5 million have used it, while only a half million say they still do, and *that* figure includes the addicted

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and the casual user. Some reports claim that as many as one half of crack users are addicted. As I have said, crack is cheap, and for that reason may be especially attractive to the poor. That is a non-pharmacological, non-biological factor, the weight of which we have not come to any conclusions about. We don't even have reliable data to tell us that crack creates a greater rate of addiction then, say, cocaine. My own guess is it doesn't. Remember that the drug acts on the same brain systems that cocaine and amphetamines do.

What is needed, in order to answer your question, is a science of comparative pharmacology where the various psychoactive drugs could be compared against some kind of common physiological/psychological measure. Doing that would be difficult, which is one of the reasons why those data don't exist. How do you capture fluctuating moods and motivations? There are times when the smallest dose of a drug can have a sublime effect on someone, while at another time it takes ten times the dose to have any noticeable effect. These are tough problems to quantify and study, even in the laboratory.

Q: To what extent is the addictive factor affected by education? Here is what I mean by this: Taking a drug, say heroin or cocaine or crack—or, for that matter, alcohol—is a form of Russian roulette, using a ten-cartridge revolver. Now, presumably, an educated person, concerned for his livelihood, wouldn't take a revolver with nine empty cartridges and one full cartridge, aim it at his head, and pull the trigger. But granted, decisions of that kind are based on ratiocinative skills. And we have to assume these skills don't exist even among college students. If they did, there would be no drinking in college, let alone drug taking. Comments?

A: Most people perceive themselves as in control of their destiny. They do not think the initial exposure will ruin their lives, because of their perceived self-control, and they are right. Take the most difficult case, tobacco—the most highly addictive substance around. In a now classic study, Stanley Schachter of Columbia University formally surveyed his highly educated colleagues at Columbia. At the same time, he polled the working residents of Amagansett, a community on Long Island where he summered. He first determined who were ongoing smokers, and who had been smokers. He took into account how long they had smoked, what they had smoked, and all other variables he could think of.

It wasn't long before the picture began to crystallize. Inform a normally intelligent group of people about the tangible hazards of using a particular substance and the vast majority of them simply stop. It wasn't easy for some, but in general they stopped, and they didn't need treatment programs, support programs, and all the rest. Dr. Schachter concluded, after this study, that it is only the thorny cases that show up at the treatment centers, people who have developed a true addiction. For those people, psychological prophylactics, including education, are of little or no value. Yet it is these people that are held up as examples of what happens when one uses drugs. This is misleading. It creates an unworkable framework for thinking about the problem. Most people can voluntarily stop using an psychoactive substance, and those people who do continue to use it can moderate their intake to reduce the possibility of health hazards. This is true, as I say, for most substances, but I repeat, less true for tobacco because of its distinctively addictive nature. The people who unwisely continue to use tobacco tend to smoke themselves into major illness even though they are amply warned that this is likely to happen.

Q: So no matter how widely you spread the message, it is in fact going to be ignored, both by PhDs and by illiterates?

A: If they are real abusers, yes. That is the reason for the high recidivism rate among graduates of drug treatment centers. Here we are talking about the true addicts. Education appears not to help the recalcitrant abusers, who are the ones that keep showing up at health centers.

Yet, manifestly, education contributes to keeping the abuse rate as low as it is. I think the message gets to the ghetto, but where there are other problems—the need for an artificial reward—drugs are going to be taken by many people because the excruciating pain of a current condition overrides long-term reason. In short, the ghetto citizen or the psychologically isolated person might well decide that the probability of living a better life is low, so grab some rewards while you can.

Studies show that casual-to-moderate cocaine users will not go the crack route because of fear of a greater chance of addiction.

Q: At what level of intelligence is a potential drug user influenced to take a less dangerous, rather than a more dangerous, drug? I mean, if it were known to all PhDs that crack was more dangerous than marijuana, that the small percentage who became addicted to crack would suffer greater biological damage from it, up to and including death, in contrast to comparatively lenient sentences from addiction to marijuana, what percentage of PhDs would be influenced to stay away from the hard stuff, compared to illiterate 17-year-old ghetto dwellers?

A: Again, this is difficult to answer because the educational message interacts with innumerable social problems. For example, drug abuse is three times greater among the unemployed. Someone who is unemployed on Monday might be re-employed on Friday, and this may stop, or reduce, his use of drugs. Gainful employ-

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ment has a bigger effect in a case like this than education does. But in general, education plays a big role, and this is established. Remember, we are a health-oriented society, and we do care about our bodies and minds, by and large. Marijuana is a mild drug, compared to crack, for a variety of biological and psychological reasons. There are studies showing that casual-to-moderate cocaine users will not go the crack route because of fear of a greater chance of addiction or of an immediate physiological crisis. A recent issue of the *New England Journal of Medicine* reports that cocaine use contributes to heart disease in a rather muted way. However, crack may have a far greater impact and be responsible for a much more serious increase in drug-related heart failures. Does that kind of thing influence a kid in the ghetto? I think the message does get there. It certainly gets to Park Avenue first, however.

Q: In that case, education, even in the popular media, is likely to influence primarily the educated classes. That has to mean that the uneducated class will suffer more addiction than the educated class.

A: Well, again, people in the lowest socio-economic status will continue to consume more drugs, but that doesn't change the addiction rate. Still, legalization shouldn't change the current figures, since drugs are literally available everywhere in the ghetto. They are also available on every college campus. They are available in prisons! I suppose if one wants to conjure up fresh problems brought on by legalization, they will center on the folks living on Park Avenue, where drugs are less easily secured, not the ghetto. Legalization of drugs would reduce crime in the ghetto, and much that is positive would follow.

Q: If the number of addicts would be increased by decriminalization, is the trade-off worth it? Is it wise to decriminalize, even if by doing so: we a) abort the $150-billion per-year drug-crime business; b) release $10 billion in federal money now going to the pursuit of drug merchants; c) end the corruption of government subsidized by drug dealers; and d) come upon a huge sum of money available to give treatment to addicts? Is this, in your judgment, a moral recommendation to make, given our knowledge of the psychological problems we are talking about?

A: Are you asking me to commit myself at this point to the question of whether that trade-off is wise?

Q: Well, no, not quite yet. Let me describe a situation, the concrete situation I spoke of a while ago, and ask you to comment on it in the light of the questions put to you above.

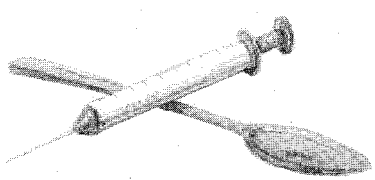
Suppose that drugs were made available. All of them, legally, in a Federal Drugstore. But above each of the common drugs—crack, cocaine, heroin, hash, marijuana, amphetamines, LSD, etc.—there was a graphic description of what addiction to that drug would do to you. Suppose a situation in which, for instance, over the punch bowl at the far left of the counter that contained crack were written: "This drug will create an appetite to take another dose. That appetite is very strong. If you become an addict, you will want to take as many as twenty of these every day, and the results of doing so will be serious for your health. With overuse, you may suffer a heart attack and die."

By contrast, let's say that the placard directly above the punch bowl that houses marijuana were to say: "Not addictive, but chronic use may lead to cancer, chromosome damage, birth deformities in future children, memory loss, paranoia, and depression." Is there any reason to suppose that this kind of merchandising will have the effect of propelling the majority of con-

THE FEDERAL DRUGSTORE

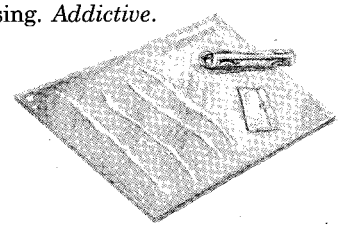
Heroin

Lethal. May lead to suffocation and death even in moderate quantities. Injection may lead to AIDS. Commonly causes headache, fatigue, dizziness, anxiety, depression, mental changes, psychosis, nausea, vomiting, stomach pain, and/or muscle pain. Potentially lethal to the fetus and harmful to an infant if nursing. *Addictive.*



Cocaine

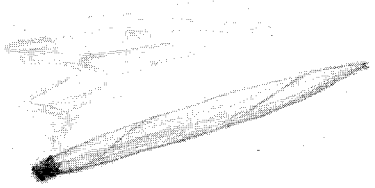
Lethal. Can cause death by heart attack, stroke, and convulsions, especially if smoked (crack; free-base) or injected. May be lethal in some cases even if only 0.03 gram is snorted. Injection may lead to AIDS. Will increase blood pressure and pulse rate, and may lead to severe anxiety, depression, mental changes, paranoia, psychosis. Potentially lethal to the fetus, and harmful to an infant if nursing. *Addictive.*



PCP

(phencyclidine, Angel Dust)

Lethal. Can cause death by convulsions, fever, suffocation, and kidney failure. Lethal in small quantities. Leads to mental changes, paranoia, anger, violence, hyperactivity, headache, nausea, vomiting, loss of coordination, stomach pain, and/or muscle pain. *Addictive.*



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sumers either to taking no drugs at all, or to taking the less dangerous drugs? For example, marijuana over, say, cocaine?

A: For those not intent on self-abuse, yes. After all, as I said, we are a health-oriented society. Hard-liquor sales are down, and, for that matter, so are wine sales. You can now buy low-cholesterol popcorn and so on. We want our kicks, but within a knowledgeable health-safety framework. On the other hand, for those intent on self-abuse, drug consumption will continue. Self-abuse occurs at all levels of our society, not only in the ghetto. Remember, most people in America are not living in ghettos, and a certain percentage of them are addicted to something. I think we as a society ought to focus attention on addiction groups and see if some factors can be isolated that might help out. Currently, drug treatment programs, which should more accurately be called drug management programs, need a lot of help. Treatment is not a reality for most of these centers. As I have already indicated, the recidivism rate is high at drug centers and this in part reflects the fact the drug centers get only the tough cases, the hard-core abusers that can not stop abuse themselves. Much more research is key.

Q: All right then, presumably the price of the drugs available for sale at the Federal Drugstore will be low enough to discourage black-market activity. Would such Federal Drugstores eliminate black-market activity altogether?

A: No, of course not. The criminal mind is ever inventive. Special services will be supplied, like home-delivery services, and the inevitable (and positively illegal) pushing to children. There will be new drugs dreamed up, and they will have their own market until they are isolated, and then will be sold legally. But, the vast majority of the crime network ought to crumble. The importance of that cannot be underestimated.

Q: So, the Federal Drugstores would obviously charge the cost of providing the drugs and the overhead of retailing them. Let's suppose that they could then double the acquisition cost without activating black-market competition; if double proved too much, they would simply lower the price. Whatever; profits would go to the treatment centers and toward more advertising of the dangers of drug abuse, and indeed of drug consumption. Do you have any difficulty with that?

A: No, but I would caution against setting up a plan that found the government playing the role of pusher. If the drug-treatment centers were dependent on income from the Drugstore, the bureaucrats running the store might be tempted to increase profits. Once Congress comes around to thoughtfully considering legalization, the actual mechanisms will have to be carefully thought out.

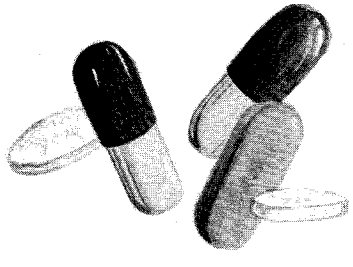
Q: What would be your prediction, as a scientist, of what the advent of the Federal Drugstore, combined with a program of intensified education, would accomplish in the next ten years?

A: Drug-consumption rates will bounce around, related as they are to environmental factors, fads, and a host of other factors. Drug-abuse rates will not change much, if at all. Yet many of the negative social consequences of keeping drugs illegal will be neutralized. The health costs of drug abuse will always be with us. We should try to focus on those problems with more serious neurobiologic and neurobehavioral research and help where we can to reduce the percentage that fall victim. I am an experimental scientist, and like most people can see that the present system doesn't work. We need to try another approach. If for whatever reason, legalization doesn't improve the situation, it would take five minutes to reverse it. □

Hypnotics

(barbituates, benzodiazepines)

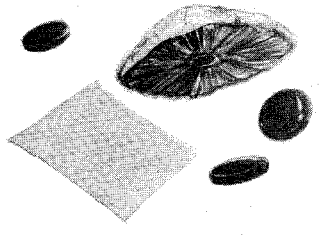
Lethal. Can cause death by suffocation when consumed in moderate quantities, or in small quantities if used with alcohol. May cause severe fatigue, depression, headache, nausea, vomiting, memory loss, coma, convulsions. Can cause grotesque deformities of the fetus. *Addictive*.



LSD

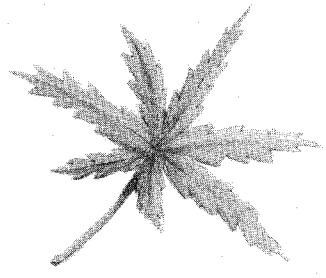
(acid)

Causes headache, stomach pain, nausea, vomiting, fever, blurred vision, paranoia, psychosis, depression, increased or decreased blood pressure. Potentially lethal if used when driving, and can lead to self-harm, including suicide. Can lead to chromosome damage and birth defects.



Marijuana

Causes headache, cough, dizziness, loss of coordination, memory loss, anxiety, depression, mental changes. May lead to damage to the fetus or to an infant if nursing. Chronic use may lead to cancer, brain damage, chromosome damage.



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help

"I must remind you that your dash to freedom is going much too fast."

"If we could just raise some money so we could finance what we finally need — a Homeless PAC."

After Repeal

When the Volstead Act got killed,
Booze was legally distilled,
Forcing members of the mobs
Into less attractive jobs,
While, with falling clienteles,
Prison wardens mothballed cells
As a rising liquor tax
Stunned the dipsomaniacs.

W. H. VON DREELE

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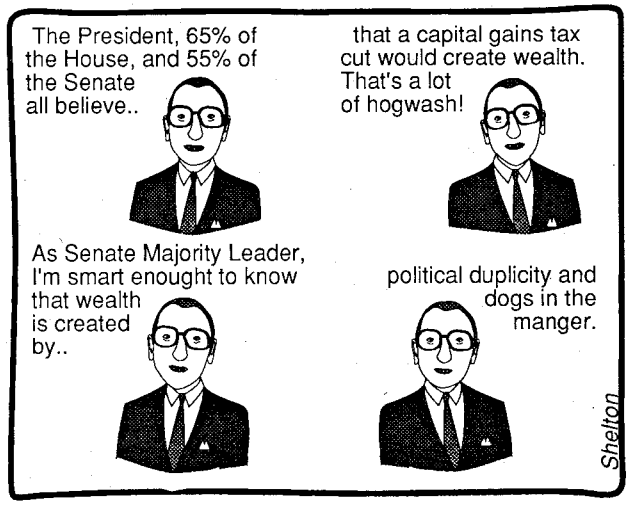
The President, 65% of the House, and 55% of the Senate all believe..
that a capital gains tax cut would create wealth. That's a lot of hogwash!
As Senate Majority Leader, I'm smart enought to know that wealth is created by..
political duplicity and dogs in the manger.
Shelton

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AMERICAN YOUTH

Why Johnny's Not Anti-Communist

ARCH PUDDINGTON

With Communism everywhere in inglorious retreat, Mikhail Gorbachev has warned the West against the impulse to "gloat" over the socialist world's time of troubles. As far as American high-school students are concerned, Gorbachev needn't have bothered. It seems, in fact, that young Americans don't even know there's anything to gloat about.

A survey conducted by the *Washington Post* revealed high-school students reacting with bewilderment and apathy to the fall of the Berlin Wall. The heart of the matter appears to be rank ignorance of the nature of the Communist system. Students, according to a teacher in Pasadena, California, "don't understand what Communism is in the first place. So when you say it's the death of Communism, they don't know what you're talking about." One student in an honors government class in Austin, Texas, displayed total confusion over the term "satellite," asking: "Are we talking about satellite dishes or what?"

Even more disturbing was a general lack of sympathy for the plight of the newly emancipated European states. Some students were quoted as opposing American aid to former Communist countries; others expressed fear that Eastern European upheavals could lead to United States involvement in a shooting war, a prospect that no serious observer has raised. There was also evidence that the corrosive message of economic nationalism was having an effect, as students fretted over a united Germany's economic impact on the United States.

How does one explain, in the midst of the most inspirational changes in the postwar era, this inability of the future generation to recognize the magnificence of freedom's triumph?

One answer, but the least convincing, is television. Even a moderately careful observer should have found network reporting on Eastern Europe one of the medium's more impressive moments, with visually gripping images of the events of the day supplemented by reasonably intelligent background coverage.

Another factor, largely unmentioned but certainly relevant, is the absence of a military draft. I remember high-school classmates following the various Berlin crises of the early Sixties with intense concern, mainly because all able-bodied young men had reason to believe that they might soon be summoned to fight in yet another European war. Recall also how quickly Vietnam faded from the consciousness of the "politically motivated" Sixties generation once the draft had been abolished.

But the basic source of the problem is to be found in our educational system, especially the progressive deterioration in the teaching of history.

As the Pasadena teacher said and the Austin student demonstrated, students don't know the facts, and they certainly don't understand the concepts. Studies have shown shockingly high percentages of high-school students unable to identify Churchill or Stalin, or even name our adversaries in World War II. At the same time, the schools are failing in their mission to impart an understanding of the democratic system of government.

Compounding a general lowering of standards is the challenge posed by the new, trendy schools of political thought which have emerged since the 1960s—feminism, Third Worldism, "peace studies," "global values." In some cases—Third Worldism, for instance—these theories are openly antithetical to traditional democracy, stressing the role of the collective (i.e., the state) over the rights of individuals. Even those which are not directly hostile to democracy are nonetheless subversive of the democratic idea—identifying yearnings for individual and political rights as unfortunate reflections of a Eurocentric mentality and potential sources of international conflict. Some of these newer theories have been insinuated into the basic textbooks used for history and government courses; more often they are promoted by cause organizations through study guides and other materials prepared as complements to the basic curriculum.

A few examples give a sense of the dilemma confronting the history teacher as he prepares his course plans for the term: curriculum supplements criticize the emphasis on liberal democracy as "ethnocentric"; a teaching guide on human rights equates the rights to free speech, political participation, and due process with the "right" to a vacation; the same guide speaks of the value placed on the right to strike by the (pre-liberation) Communist regimes of Eastern Europe; another guide, financed by the U.S. Department of Education, lauds Cuba for its guarantees of women's rights, noting that men who fail to share in household responsibilities can be punished with "re-education or assignment to farm work."

The news isn't uniformly bad. The Education for Democracy Project, sponsored by the American Federation of Teachers, Freedom House, and the Educational Excellence Network, has completed a preliminary study on the teaching of democratic values which gives mixed grades to the basic texts used in high-school courses. The survey, for example, concludes that the textbooks do a reasonably good job of recounting the basic facts about the rise of the Soviet Union and the Sovietization of Eastern Europe.

But the texts do less well to explaining the overarching ideas that inspired twentieth-century political struggle, most notably Nazism and Communism. And they fail altogether in laying out the problems of the future. Those texts that have a gloomier perspective on mankind's fate ignore the struggle for liberty in favor of the threat of nuclear war, overpopulation, depletion of resources, energy shortages, pollution, and other environmental concerns. Even the more optimistic accounts stress the promise of scientific and technological progress over democracy's liberating potential.

It should come as no surprise that the textbooks which present traditional views of history do a far more satisfactory job than do those written from the perspective of global values. Two former

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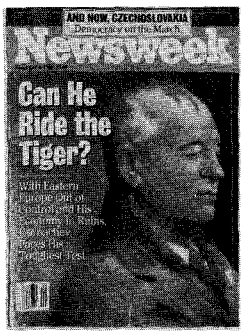

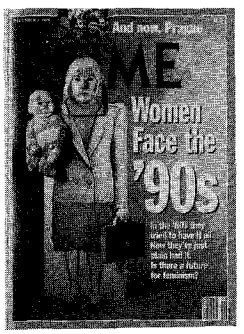

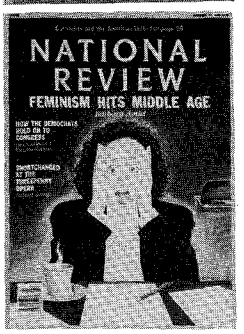

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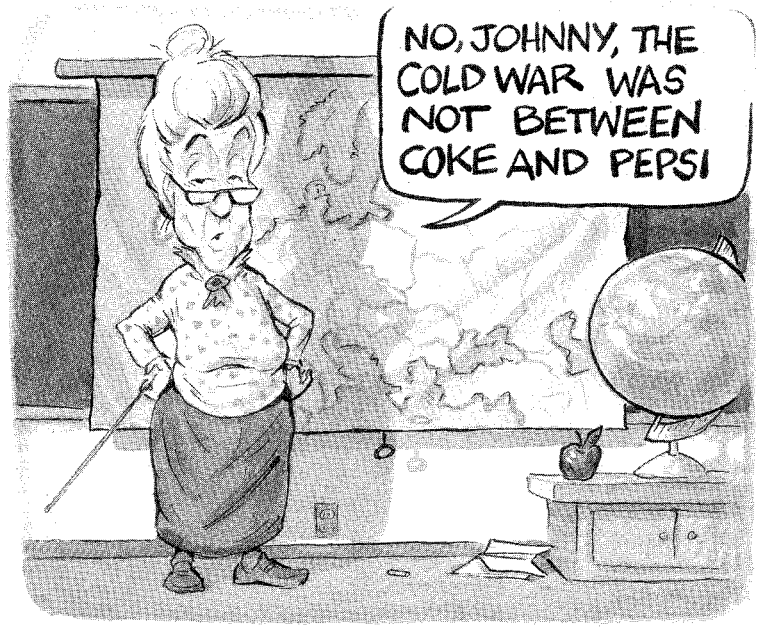
White House officials, Chester E. Finn Jr. and Gary Bauer, examined six global-values texts. Their conclusions were disturbing, to put it mildly. One problem was a reluctance to state obvious facts which might be deemed controversial. Thus several texts made reference to the boat people of Southeast Asia without explaining that the reason for their flight was the brutal policies of the new Communist regimes of Vietnam and Cambodia. There was a similar reluctance to deal forthrightly with the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, which was explained as a response to Muslim extremists, or simply as a means of shoring up a tottering government in a neighboring country. The impression, Finn and Bauer note, was that "Moscow's move was essentially defensive or vaguely compassionate."

A constant theme of the global-values approach is the need for Americans to rid themselves of their ethnocentric mindset. In practice, this translates into a policy of ignoring, excusing, or in a few cases even praising the tyrannical practices of Third World dictators. Or, to be more accurate, certain approved dictators. Thus, whereas the evils of South Africa's apartheid system and the Chilean regime of General Pinochet are adequately described, Cuban totalitarianism is transformed into a model cooperative society.

Even more unsettling is the treatment of China. According to Andre Ryerson, whose evaluation of textbooks and study guides which deal with contemporary China was published in *The American Educator*, the most crucial events in the Communist period are routinely omitted, distorted, or formulated so as to make the most gruesome atrocities appear justified or even progressive.

The more controversial campaigns and experiments could not, of course, be completely tossed down the memory hole. To avoid presenting the regime in too negative a light, therefore, authors frequently resorted to explanations which paralleled the official Communist Party version of affairs. In describing the persecutions associated with land reform and Mao's campaigns against "counterrevolutionaries," for example, it was explained that the victims were limited to those who "resisted" official policies, or were unwilling to hand over their land, or simply "opposed the government," leaving the impression that those purged somehow got what they deserved. Never was it mentioned that the targets of these early campaigns were selected on the basis of their social class.

Only seven texts mentioned the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, and one was favorably disposed toward this policy: "Students gained a greater respect for the peasants by actually taking part in farm labor and talking with them about the hardships of their life." Another text included a photograph with the caption: "The Chinese government sent out dance groups, such as the one above, to teach about Mao and Communism. How is media used today to spread political belief?"



Along with the omissions and distortions, these texts are notable for a tendency to draw fraudulent comparisons between the Chinese system and our own. Mao's infamous neighborhood committees, pillars of state control and surveillance, are likened to such American institutions as churches and block associations. One text asks students to compare the rights guaranteed in the U.S. Bill of Rights with those afforded in the Chinese constitution. On paper the guarantees appear quite similar, since the Chinese document includes freedom of speech, demonstration, and religion, and freedom from arbitrary arrest. One can state without exaggeration that there is a struggle today over the hearts, and especially the minds, of the future generation. This is a real struggle, insofar as those who previously looked on in appalled consternation as a process of intellectual corruption spread throughout the educational system are now fighting back, with some real effect.

INDEED, it appears that the educational traditionalists are gaining ground. The goals pressed by the Education for Democracy Project are meeting with little open opposition, in part because some educators, formerly sympathetic to the cultural-relativist approach, have grown alarmed over the historical illiteracy of American students. A further promising development is the shift in rhetoric of Soviet leaders, from Mikhail Gorbachev on down. Those educators who took their cue, consciously or otherwise, from the Communist world, no longer hear Leonid Brezhnev announcing that the Soviet conception of human rights is every bit as valid as the West's. Gorbachev, anointed as Man of the Decade, has declared and repeated that traditional human rights, civil liberties, and the rule of law are pertinent to all societies in the modern, civilized world.

Some, of course, may decide to ignore Gorbachev on this crucial question. One of the more ironic aspects of the treatment of China is the startling degree to which de-Maoization, with its explicit condemnation of the Cultural Revolution and other pet Maoist ventures, has been ignored. Or, to borrow an example from a current university controversy, how Stanford's core social-studies curriculum features on its reading list the writings of Frantz Fanon, whose once-trendy thoughts are now regarded as wrongheaded and irrelevant to Third World societies. The fact that being wrong is no impediment to those who find American values loathesome stands as a cautionary lesson for educational traditionalists. We may discover that the struggle for the universal acceptance of the democratic idea is more protracted and contentious in New York and San Francisco than in Budapest or Prague.

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Night Thoughts

JOE MYSAK

THERE IS NOTHING surprising in the Mencken diary—not to those who know the man and his work. As Charles A. Fecher, author of *H. L. Mencken: A Study of His Thought* and editor of the diary, writes in his introduction, "The Mencken of the diary is perfectly consistent with all the other Menckens of fact and legend. It tells us things about him that we had not hitherto known, but it does not tell us anything different."

Not everyone agrees with this assessment. "Dimming of a Legend," said Mencken's own *Baltimore Sun*: "Mencken diary reveals racism, anti-Semitism, spite for friends." A United Press story went out with the headline, "Mencken Diaries Show Another Side of Baltimore 'Sage.' " Meanwhile, the daws at the National Press Club threaten to rename the club's H. L. Mencken Library.

Such is the merest sampling of the early fallout from the publication of the diary Mencken kept from 1930 until his career-ending stroke in 1948. The diary is one of three known unpublished works; the others being *My Life as Author and Editor* and *Thirty-five Years of Newspaper Work*, which are slated to be unsealed in January 1991, although probably not to the same protestations of shocked sensibility we've seen here.

The Diary of H. L. Mencken, edited by Charles A. Fecher (Knopf, 476 pp., illustrated, $30)

Columnist Russell Baker, who takes a Menckenian delight in today's absurdities, had the quickest and most commonsense defense of the Mencken diary and its so-called revelations: "I am profoundly unshocked to learn that the night thoughts H. L. Mencken confided to his diary were sometimes tainted with racism and anti-Semitism. To have been utterly free of such stuff in Mencken's time and place would have been astonishing. I speak with authority here, for I was growing up just a block away from Mencken while he was keeping his diary. We all spoke meanly of each other back there . . ."

Mr. Mysak is managing editor of the daily Bond Buyer.

In fact, anyone who is offended just does not know Mencken. He made his career as a curmudgeon and iconoclast, and heartily took his own advice: people like to read abuse. Through much of the diary, Mencken assaults Franklin D . Roosevelt, patronizes blacks, and does betray a certain anti-Semitism. In truth, *any* group looking to take offense can probably find grounds for it in the diary. Mencken casts his baleful eye upon fundamentalists, most believers in an afterlife, various uplifters and propagandists, nearly all Americans, the U.S. Government, Generals Eisenhower and Patton, Communists, socialists, Democrats, Republicans, the British, American Anglophiles, alcoholics, nearly all authors, teachers, homosexuals, many of his colleagues at the *Sun*, public nuisances (including bobby-soxers and neighbors with barking dogs), morons, imbeciles, and those who "manage themselves badly." Consider this line, the sole entry for one day in 1946: "Nine-tenths of the people who call me by telephone I don't want to talk to, and three-fourths of the people I have to take to lunch I don't want to see."

Tim Bower

As Fecher notes, "The story goes that he once read his own obituary in the *Sun* files, approved it, and directed that a single sentence be added at the end: 'As he got older, he got worse.' This was undoubtedly true."

The only people who pleased Mencken were those he judged "superior men," who knew their business and stuck to it. "The only sort of man who is really worth hell room [is] the man who practices some useful trade in a competent manner, makes a decent living at it, pays his own way, and asks only to be let alone."

He believed firmly, and this is evidenced in the diary, in an aristocracy of talent, without regard for race or creed, and his own actions seem to cap the argument. There is no indication whatsoever that in his daily dealings he was racist—his *American Mercury* published more black writers during the 1920s than any other major magazine—or that he behaved other than amiably with Jews. The diary is not, as has been alleged, an endless diatribe written by a bitter man seeking escape during his years of eclipse. Indeed, the diary is fairly charming, often humorous, and at times quite revealing. As editor Fecher notes, although Mencken was out of the spotlight during the 1930s, they were some of his most productive and successful years.

The diary offers rather familiar glimpses of such lights as James M. Cain and F. Scott Fitzgerald, Mencken's friends George Jean Nathan, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Theodore Dreiser, and his publisher Alfred A. Knopf. But if generally unsurprising, the diary can be nonetheless unsettling, as in this entry from 1942: "I believe, in truth, that immigration is always unwise—that is, when it is not enforced. I believe my chances in Germany would have been at least as good as they have been in America, and maybe a great deal better. I was born here and so were my father and mother, and I have spent all

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of my 62 years here, but I still find it impossible to fit myself into the accepted patterns of American life and thought. After all these years, I remain a foreigner."

Because of his extreme isolationist views, Mencken suspended the writing of his *Sun* column during both world wars. At the end of World War II, he told *Sun* management, "The course of the United States . . . was dishonest, dishonorable and ignominious, and the *Sun* papers, by supporting Roosevelt's foreign policy, shared in this disgrace." Elsewhere in the diary, he writes, "The government I live under has been my enemy all my active life. When it has not been engaged in silencing me, it has been engaged in robbing me. So far as I can recall I have never had any contact with it that was not an outrage on my dignity and an attack upon my security." Such is the diary. It is a fascinating work, although we have only about one-third of it here, such was Mencken's almost compulsive self-documentation, and the repetition involved in any diary. "There is, indeed," Mencken wrote, "probably no trace in history of a writer who left more careful accounts of himself and his contemporaries. I have tried hard to tell the truth. At bottom, this is probably subjectively impossible, but I have at least made the effort."

Fans still have a lot to look forward to: besides the newspaper and magazine memoirs, there is talk of a quotable Mencken in the works. And here a word on sympathetic editors may be in order. Having finished this diary, and a book of Churchill's speeches, I think it isn't too much to ask that publishers employ editors with fewer reservations about their subjects. Such books appeal to a few thousand fans capable of finding on their own all the criticism they want—especially with Mencken and Churchill. □

Lost and Found

CHARLES NICOL

ALTHOUGH MOST OF the essays in *Acts of Recovery* are recent, some go back as far as 25 years; yet the title accurately identifies a series of views linked by a single vision and mission: the recovery of tradition. An essay on *The Closing of the American*

Acts of Recovery: Essays on Politics and Culture, by Jeffrey Hart (University Press of New England, 256 pp., $19.95)

Mind announces that Allan Bloom "wishes to recover Western civilization amid the rubble"; another essay is titled "Empiricism, Metaphysics, and Recovery"; a fine essay on Robert Frost and T. S. Eliot celebrates the latter because he "engaged us in an enormous act of recovery, reaching back beyond the present to 'the mind of Europe'—not only 'from Homer to the present' but also to the spiritual perceptions recoverable from the great myths." It is fitting that this essay ends by quoting the *Four Quartets*: "There is only the right to recover what has been lost / And found and lost again and again."

Indeed, among the moderns, Eliot is never far from Hart's mind. As his preface notes, this collection of essays begins in literature and ends in theology, but even in a "theological" essay such as "Christ and Apollo" he glances again at Eliot, whose " 'theology' proceeds from his relationship to language, from his involvement with English poetry." This firm conviction of a bond between poetry and theology leads naturally to a close reading of a poem by the seventeenth-century mystic George Herbert, and to further acts of recovery celebrating the Catholic writers Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton. From literature to theology, with culture and politics as intermediaries as well as separate concerns—this is a wide span but a single arc, certainly not beyond the scope of the great critics Hart admires: Samuel Johnson, William Hazlitt, Matthew Arnold, Chesterton, Eliot, and Lionel Trilling (a teacher of Hart's during the author's undergraduate days at Columbia).

Especially refreshing is the insistence that "conversation about literature is a vital human activity" that must not be restricted to academic obscurities but carried on in the public forum. The "most central and vital" tradition of literary criticism "begins in English with Samuel Johnson, and it has its roots, often, in journalism, a fact that in itself attests to its public and social character, and to its political character in the broadest sense of the word." Scarcely surprising then that Hart's admiration for Johnson leads to an essay that may start showing up in anthologies, "Johnson, Boswell, and Modernity." Boswell left tradition and position in Scotland for the London of infinite possibilities, evolving a long list of serial selves but eventually discovering the "darker truth . . . that if one can be anything one wishes, one might never achieve any true identity at all." Hart's meditation spirals outward to recognize Boswell as the first modern, whose "spiritual descendants" include Dickens's Pip, Stendhal's Julien Sorel, and Fitzgerald's Jay Gatsby—all young men from the provinces who encounter the new city beyond tradition, the cosmopolitan bustle of anonymity and masks. Sam Johnson, in direct contrast, defended the old cultural values, an engagement the more positive because of his wide sympathies: "passionately devoted to the traditional idea of order, to the values of subordination, reverence, and family loyalty, he also responded to the possibilities that worked counter to them. . . . It is for this reason that his acts of judgment, when they finally are made, are so impressive." While Boswell was hypochondriacal and Johnson melancholy, their dread was on different grounds: suspicions of a personal void for Boswell, humility and guilt before the Christian idea of atonement for Johnson. Yet one wonders whether Hart's theological argument fully answers the scope of Johnson's despair—does not the ferocity of Johnson's affirmations reveal his knowledge of the cracks in his world through which a Boswell can slide? Johnson may be the first great critic in Hart's tradition precisely because of his realization that the confrontation with the protean modern world is a desperate one; his acts of recovery were necessary, just as, in another of Hart's fine essays, the French Revolution forced Burke to break with friends and define his social vision.

When based in literature, Hart's considerations of politics and theology are simply brilliant. In essays of a less lit-

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erary character, there may be a difficulty in reconciling the arguments that "the plausibility of a view of reality depends on the social support it receives" and that the central mysteries of Christianity are literal truths. Perhaps my own reservations about these views lead me to find considerable tension between them, yet the fact that Hart holds both of them makes for the special urgency of his acts of recovery and his insistence on the public nature of the debate. He can welcome Bloom's *Closing of the American Mind* because it "quite possibly marks a historic turning point in the rediscovery of Western thought" and then end by noting that "Bloom's brilliant dissection of the ills of relativism is weakened by his inattention to religious truth." He can convincingly reconstruct Frost's lifelong argument with Eliot and then note that "the signs of transcendence in Frost are intermittent" because Frost is "resolutely individualistic" and "receives very little collective reinforcement," whereas Eliot "does inhabit a supportive 'community.'" Yet Frost also belongs to a transcendent tradition, although his is the oracular homespun of Emerson, Whitman, and Emily Dickinson rather than the rich European draperies donned by Eliot. But as Hart quite properly notes in his preface, all disputes are ultimately theological.

Rounding out my own selection of memorable essays are two nice discussions of the Spanish Civil War, seen through the light of personal visits and the prism of literature (Ernest Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and José Maria Gironell's *The Cypresses Believe in God*), an analysis of the rise and fall of *Partisan Review*, and a colorful reminiscence of Hart's fellow NATIONAL REVIEW editor Willmoore Kendall. □

A Confederacy of Dunces

FRANCIS ROCCA

As TOM BETHELL reported in the November 10 issue of *NR*, Pete Wilson and Lee Atwater have been making attempts to convince homosexuals that they should feel welcome in the party that is more hospitable to libertarianism. But, according to Michael Fumento, gay activists and their allies have already unwittingly made common cause with an even less likely group of conservatives, and both have done their share to exaggerate the threat of AIDS to heterosexuals.

The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS, by Michael Fumento (Basic Books/ New Republic, 432 pp., $22.95)

Having failed to promote their family agenda by convincing Americans that promiscuity endangered their souls, some "conservative moralists" insisted that it endangered their lives. William Bennett at Education, Gary Bauer at the White House, and many outside the Reagan Administration fought the losing battle to discredit the use of condoms, and insisted that, outside the bonds of marriage, the only safe sex was no sex. Aiming to discourage promiscuity of all kinds, Fumento says, they eagerly equated the dangers of homosexual and heterosexual sex. Not only was this tack morally unsound, it was self-defeating: restraint out of fear does not qualify as virtue; and, if the fear proves groundless, the recklessness resumes. Ironically, the fierce pronouncements against condoms by those who promoted chastity, exaggerating the AIDS danger, were of great use to the family planners who wanted to distribute prophylactics in schools. Fumento published these criticisms in August of 1988, and claims he was subsequently forced out of his job as an AIDS analyst for the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights.

Meanwhile, the "liberal democratizers" marched under the banner of "AIDS Is an Equal Opportunity Destroyer." Prominent among them were Elizabeth Taylor, Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, and biologist Mathilde Krim. By representing AIDS as a general-interest disease, they sought to boost funding for research and treatment, *and* to destigmatize the victims of this new "gay plague." This too was ironic: While they raised a bundle for their cause, they diverted deserved sympathy from their constituents, who were now cast as Typhoid Marys for the general population.

The very concept of high-risk groups was rejected out of hand by both Left and Right. Both served as "alarmists" (the author's most damning epithet) to the heterosexual community. Oprah Winfrey told her viewers in 1987: "One in five heterosexuals could be dead from AIDS at the end of the next three years. That's by 1990. One in five. It's no longer just a gay disease. Believe me." The effect was, as Fumento sees it, a fatal paradox: hysteria among those at low risk and complacency among those at high.

Fumento's title is bound to pique the average reader's curiosity. Fumento does not claim that it is impossible to transmit the virus through heterosexual intercourse, but he does claim that estimates of the risk have been consistently exaggerated. He cites a study that gives a one-in-one-thousand chance of a man passing AIDS to a woman through intercourse; the odds are much greater vice-versa. Ironies again abound: since transmission requires repeated exposure, it is statistically *safer* for an intravenous drug user's girlfriend (or a female college student for that matter) to have multiple sexual partners than to remain monogamous.

Heterosexual anxiety created some odd growth industries. Condom manufacturers saw their revenues soar once they were able to advertise in the mass media, and the press boosted circulation and ratings. Fumento singles out *USA Today* as the sloppiest in its use of statistics, but cites embarrassing lapses of judgment in a range of famous publications, tabloids, and eminent journals alike—including *NR*.

The sections on the press are some of the most enlightening and amusing in the book. Readers of the news will learn to spot techniques of hype; "mix and match," for instance, as in this example from the Canadian magazine *Maclean's*:

> According to health officials, at the present rate of infection, in three years AIDS could claim 100,000 victims; in five years, 1.6 million. Says Dr. Harold Jaffe, a member of the AIDS task force in Atlanta: "Looking for a quick fix is not very realistic."

As if Dr. Jaffe had confirmed that first, wildly inaccurate, sentence.

Mr. Rocca is a graduate student at St. John's College in Annapolis, Maryland. He has written for The American Spectator.

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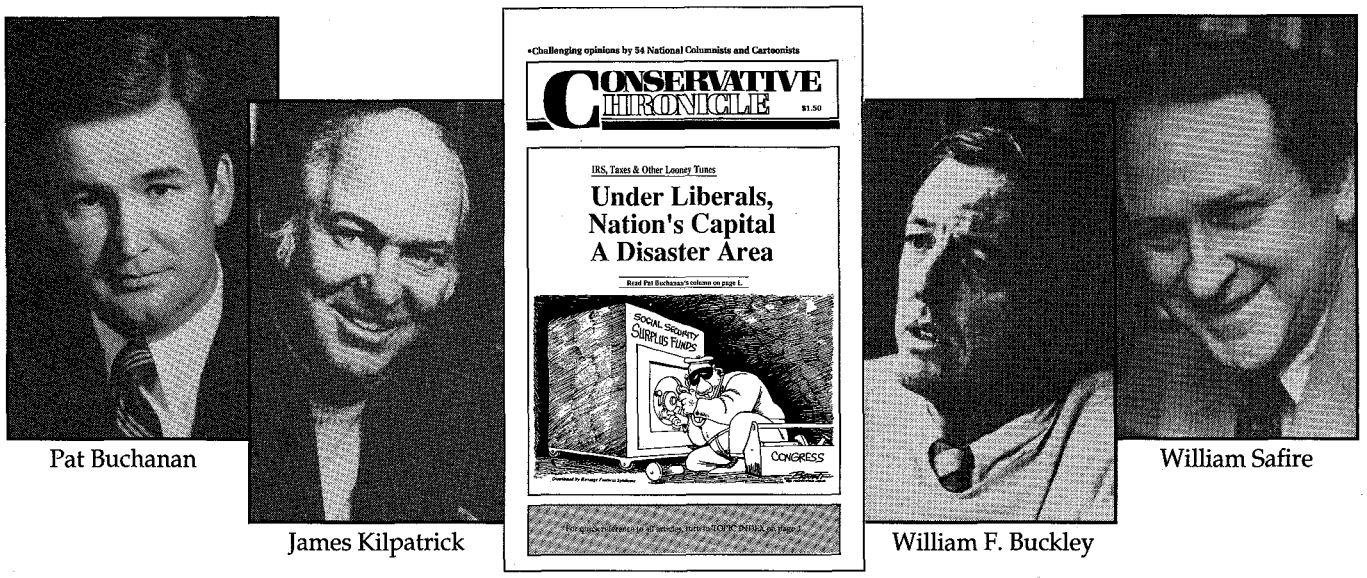
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Robert T. Caputo

Of all who profited from the ignorance and fear, those who get the worst of Fumento's wrath are the quotable "doctors of doom," who were turned into celebrities by the sensation-seeking press. His villains include William Haseltine, a Harvard virologist, and the U.S. Army's Robert Redfield, an infectious-disease specialist, both of whom forecast an explosion of AIDS among heterosexuals. Fumento dwells on the 1988 book project and *Newsweek* story by Masters and Johnson which irreparably damaged their reputation. The two sex therapists relied on research "on the order of high-schoolers doing a class project," and published dire warnings to heterosexuals. At the same time, Masters was under a $25,000 retainer to invent a preventative cream for a pharmaceutical company.

Entire institutions were not above crying wolf in order to increase influence and budgets. In late 1986, the World Health Organization (WHO) released a figure of five to ten million current infections, and warned that up to 100 million could be infected by 1990. This figure continued to be widely cited long after it had been disproved. And WHO's AIDS budget rose from $580,000 to $66 million by 1988. What is most regrettable is that this and other windfalls came at the expense of other vital research: federal research funding for cancer and heart disease, both far bigger killers, dropped below that for AIDS.

Epidemiologists, who were qualified by their specialization to speak on the matter, were more cautious, and so largely ignored by reporters. These include Jaffe and Alexander Langmuir, both of the Centers for Disease Control.

Fumento ridicules the "err-on-the-side-of-caution" rationale of those who promulgated the myth and those who believed it. We are a nation of innumerates, susceptible to the crudest statistical legerdemain, and possessed by "disasterphilia" (one of the author's more ungainly coinages). Averse to moralism, Fumento nonetheless makes an enthusiastic preacher, and several chapters end with righteous, let-this-be-a-lesson perorations. The last words of the book are: "If the epidemic had been real, God help us."

Fumento has been a lawyer and a bureaucrat, and it shows. The citations are piled on, with nearly fifty pages of endnotes, and some of the material is gratuitous, including career information on the Reagan children. But who can blame him? He is bracing for more than his share of obloquy—even begging for a fight; his rhetorical signature is the *reductio ad absurdum*. By the dozen these begin to grate, but some are apt:

> If the government ran a national breast-cancer campaign in the same way it does for AIDS, for every poster we saw warning of female breast cancer, there would be ten featuring male breast cancer.... Sixth-graders would be heavily dosed with information on breast cancer . . . we would see commercial spots of a hefty male construction worker saying, "I build skyscrapers for a living. And now I'm dying of breast cancer. If I can get breast cancer, so can you. Get the facts." Sound ridiculous? Would it sound more or less so if one were to find out that, rare as male breast cancer is, more native-born American males are diagnosed with the disease each year than the total number who have contracted AIDS through heterosexual intercourse since the AIDS epidemic began?

Ordinary People

DAVID YOUNT

IN THE reign of Gorbachev, the bear that walks like a man increasingly behaves like a teddy bear. Yet *Nina's Journey*, a harrowing chronicle of Soviet life under Stalin, suggests that even in the kinder, gentler days of *glasnost* it is premature to feed the bears.

Here is the familiar Russian chronicle of brutal oppression, grinding poverty, mindless bureaucracy, untreated disease, mass starvation, arbitrary imprisonment, mutual mistrust, casual torture, and frivolous execution that the West has acknowledged, but would prefer to treat as ancient history. It is poignantly told by a war bride who survived the purges of the Thirties, became a slave laborer in Hitler's Germany, and was a refugee hunted by the NKVD in postwar Europe. Narrated in a prose reminiscent of the Perils of Pauline, *Nina's Journey* offers cliff-hangers every few pages; of course, these horrors are not fictional.

Nina's Journey: A Memoir of Stalin's Russia and the Second World War, by Nina Markovna (Regnery Gateway, 386 pp., $21.95)

Nina and her brother were born in a small town outside Moscow. Their father was a Muscovite; their mother a refugee from Latvia. Neither parent was a Party member, but Nina's mother was one of only twenty thousand touch typists in Russia at the dawn of the Revolution, initially gaining her a salary the equal of physicians' and university professors'.

Rather than share a worker's apartment with other families, Nina's family took a poor cottage in the woods miles from town, lacking electricity, running water, or an indoor toilet. When her father narrowly escaped arbitrary arrest in the purges, he persuaded a doctor to claim he was tubercular, gaining permission to move the family to Feodosia in the Crimea. Shortages in the provinces were so severe that the family made day trips into Moscow to stand in line for food, medicine, and cloth.

With the Hitler–Stalin Pact, scarce

Mr. Yount is president of the National Press Foundation in Washington.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ DO NOT PANIC: But there may be some reason to be *concerned* about the future of book publishing. Or rather, about its future as a business devoted largely to books for their own sake, as opposed to books as "products." To an unprecedented degree, and in unprecedented ways, the book industry is becoming a business like many others.

The transformation began during the Seventies, as one after another independent, closely held publishing house was swallowed whole by one after another loutish media baron or multinational corporation. Corporatized houses began acquiring other, independent houses. Bureaucracy flourished in what had been a fairly liquid, collegial, even scholarly industry. Author advances spiraled upward uncontrollably. And the influence of editors began giving way to the influence of agents and corporate executives.

But it didn't quite work. Economies of scale turned out not to apply to books. As money spent on advances and heavy promotion increasingly failed to earn itself back in sales, across Manhattan nearly all of publishing entered an alarming slowdown. And so during the past few months we've seen the beginnings of Part II in the transformation of publishing—as, in reaction, the corporate men have begun dismantling what you might call the industry's culture. By "culture" I mean something like "the way things are done"—a slippery notion governed by, for example: values, traditions, and atmosphere.

The most recent event along these lines was the purging of longtime Random House president Robert Bernstein. As much as any two men in America, Bernstein and his successor, Alberto Vitale, represent the old and the new faces of American book publishing. Bernstein is a courtly literary statesman of the old school, and was successor to Random's bookish founder, Bennett Cerf. Vitale comes to Random House from the top spot at Bantam Doubleday Dell. Until the age of 41, though, Vitale had worked for Olivetti, the Italian office-machine company, and Fiat. Trained in the art of selling automobiles and typewriters, he didn't make it to the top of American publishing thanks to his refined literary sensibility, but because he came to the job ready to introduce Modern Management Methods. During his first six months as head of Doubleday, Vitale purged an irritating knot of senior executives, and "asked" six hundred other employees to take early retirement, thus earning himself the nickname "General." It was on his watch that Bantam began acquiring such hot meatball properties as Lee Iacocca and Shirley MacLaine.

But Vitale is only the most visible specimen of the Modern Publishing Executive. Gossip has it that Peter Ueberroth, the former baseball commissioner, was actually considered as a possible successor to Bernstein. At Doubleday, Vitale's own successor is Jack Hoeft, lately of the Pepsi-Cola Company. And along with the baseball commissioners and cola execs, there's room for entrepreneurs, too. One up-and-coming industry figure is bow-tied huckster Chris Whittle, of Whittle Communications, reinventor of the book-with-advertisements. His new series of slim hardbacks features ads every few pages for Federal Express.

As for the introduction of mass-market brutality to this once gentlemanly profession, credit goes above all to S. I. Newhouse, owner of Random and innumerable other publishing enterprises. It was Newhouse who unexpectedly pulled the plug on William Shawn, beloved 79-year-old editor of *The New Yorker*, and Newhouse who allowed the editor of *Vogue* to learn that she'd been canned, not from Newhouse, her employer, but from a gossip column in a New York tabloid. Lately the Newhouse management style has been winning converts. Corlies Smith, editorial director of Ticknor & Fields, quit a couple of months ago after hearing a rumor that his successor had been chosen, only the company's owner hadn't gotten around to telling him yet. Meanwhile, last month at the Penguin empire, chief executive Peter Mayer gave Robert Difiorio the unpleasant job of folding an entire division and firing its twenty-odd employees, with the stipulation that their salaries would be cut off four days later. Three days after that, Mayer fired Difiorio.

Unfortunately, as these new-type publishers have gained ascendancy, they've done more than just turn editorial workplaces into free-fire zones. As profit and loss take their place at the focal point of American publishing, editors have been rousted from their manuscripts and required to labor over administrative and business details their predecessors hardly even needed to consider. Inconveniently, this often distracts them from what is ostensibly their principal task: namely, the nurturing, care, and protection of their authors.

The situation hasn't been helped either by the rise of the new-type agent. Fed by wildly extravagant advances, these slick highwaymen operate on the model of super-agent Andrew Wylie, the whole of their strategy being to secure as much money as possible, regardless of who will pay it. Their primary effect has been to break up long-standing relationships between editors and writers, so that editors these days remind you of nothing so much as real-estate speculators: acquiring properties, holding on to them for a couple of years, and then releasing them to the subsequent highest bidder.

What effect these trends will have on the future of books is so far a matter of speculation. But the matter is worth speculating on. We conservatives have gotten into the habit of suspending judgment on any and all doings of American businessmen. The market corrects for human error, we hold. Does it always, though?

Let me cite a small and very personal example: the transformation of Thayer Street in Providence, Rhode Island, between 1983 and 1987. When I was a freshman in college there, if you were a student, Thayer Street was the place where you did most of your shopping. It was lined with little stores, nearly all of them independently owned, many by families. By the time I graduated, more than a third of these had been sold, gutted, and taken over by large chains: D'Angelos, Benetton, Store 24, Burger King. The effect was devastating. What had been a charming place to walk or shop or eat had become tawdry, ugly, antiseptic in spirit but, thanks to the new clientele the chains attracted, dirty and dangerous as well.

The point here is that any industry (if you think of Thayer Street as kind of mini-industry) that makes the leap from independent ownership to corporate ownership risks losing its original character. If this is true of laundries and delicatessens, it must be all the more true of publishing houses. Books aren't like designer jeans, video games, or bottle caps. Unlike, say, the top-selling automobile, the top-selling novel isn't necessarily a good novel. The editing and publishing of all good books, like the writing of them, requires a temperament unobsessed with the making of money, a set of values that places books above bucks. It must take place in an appropriate atmosphere, in the context of an appropriate culture. With the rise of the new men in publishing, prospects for the continuing vitality of that culture seem increasingly uncertain.

—DAVID KLINGHOFFER

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Lisa Haney

wheat was shipped to Germany, and Russians went hungry. When the pact failed and war began, there was famine. Nina's parents sold their wedding rings for 16 loaves of bread. Meanwhile two million Soviet soldiers surrendered to the Germans for promises of food and freedom. Stalin, to stem defections, decreed that the families of soldiers captured in battle would be subject to loss of housing, employment, and freedom. Russia recognized no Russian prisoners of war, and instructed the Red Cross not to attend to their needs in German camps. Indeed, Stalin threatened to mistreat German prisoners if Germans handled Russian prisoners humanely. Officially there could be no Russian prisoners of war, because Russians die bravely in battle rather than let themselves be captured.

Feodosia was invaded by the Germans, who reopened the churches, treated the wounded, and fed civilians, but murdered the town's Jews. Briefly the Soviets retook the town and devastated it. When the Germans returned, Nina's father, by now a middle-aged man, was drafted into the Red Army. Wounded and captured, he was never heard from again. The surviving family members agreed to go to Germany to work, after being promised housing and wages equal to those of Germans. When they arrived they realized they were, in effect, slave laborers, shuffled from one camp to another as Allied bombers destroyed the factories in which they worked.

Peace brought with it the forced repatriation of Russians. Nina joined a massive march of refugees pressing Westward in hopes of receiving the protection of the Americans. Eventually it was her mother's Latvian birth certificate and Nina's forged papers that saved her. She married a GI, and became an American.

Nina's story is not great Russian literature. Her heroes and villains have the consistency of cardboard, and she contrives dialogue as though, half a century later, she can remember every conversation, word for word, since childhood. Her chronology is casual, and too often she neglects to connect her story with events in the larger world—even to let the reader know what year it is. Of course, much the same criticism could be leveled at Anne Frank, and *Nina's Journey* is best read as the diary of a girl who knows full well the times are out of joint, yet has nothing normal to compare them to, and cannot possibly set them right. Like Anne, Nina attempts unsuccessfully to comprehend a worldwide tragedy. Yet no general or president, although possessing vastly wider perspectives, could convey the horror of totalitarianism and war more persuasively than these young women who were its victims.

Nina Markovna was an ordinary person living in extraordinary times. Adversity brings out the best and worst in people. Anne Frank believed that, at heart, all people are good. Nina Markovna's account more successfully illustrates that, when the chips are down, ordinary people may be as frequently transformed into villains as into saints. □

The Work Ethnic

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

Dr. Kookie, You're Right, by Mike Royko (Dutton, 275 pp., $18.95)

ON A DAY WHEN this review is two weeks late, there's a most appropriate article by John Blades in the "Tempo" section of the *Chicago Tribune*. The title is, "When Writers Can't." The subject is procrastination and/or writer's block. Writers and would-be writers at a recent PEN conference told tales of what, in writerly fashion, was called the "dead end of narcissistic despair." A psychologist-writer spoke of the fear of "putting souls on paper." A poet envied journalists and novelists, whose material, she believes, is easier to come by. A magazine-column writer, described as "a hard-core procrastinator," called deadlines "dangerous and self-destructive." And a *Playboy*-type fiction writer concluded, quite understandably, that "writing is no damned fun." Right.

But then I worked backward through the newspaper, as all sensible people do, and there he was, looking out from a photograph at the top of his nearly full-page column, the crown of his head neatly sliced off like the bulbous end of a hard-boiled egg, a three-quarter view of a long, lugubrious Slavic face with the large mouth apparently wrestling with the idea of a smile.

It's Mike Royko, or, to borrow a phrase from Gerald Ford, "the work ethnic," whose *Tribune* essay-column serves as a five-day-a-week reproach to those of us periodically caught up in the throes of "narcissistic despair." Red Smith once wrote that the test of such a column is to be good twice and adequate once. By that standard, Royko is a success in anyone's book. And that has been the case for three decades, first with the *Chicago Daily News*, then at the *Chicago Sun-Times*, which he left when it appeared that Rupert Murdoch, dubbed "the alien" by Royko, was settling in for a long stay, and now at the *Tribune*.

We are told that Royko's column also runs in 525 other newspapers, here and abroad, and that he has a student fan club in Japan, which, if true, carries inscrutability to sublime levels. But in an almost unique way, he is the *voice* of this city. It's hard, for instance, to think of Mayor Richard J. Daley, who personified Chicago, without thinking of Royko's book, *Boss*, which both captured and added to that personification.

Mr. Coyne, a former presidential speechwriter, is a Chicago businessman.

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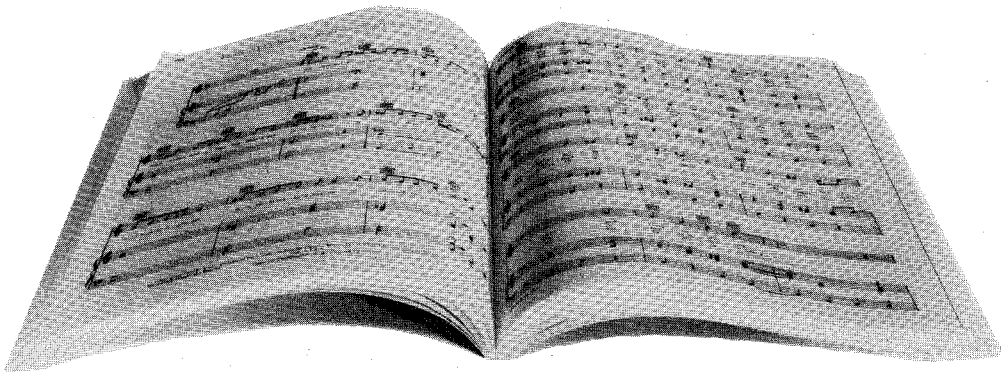

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In style, Royko also represents what we like to think of as proper in Chicago—short, direct Rudolf Flesch–like sentences, a loathing of cant, a Strunkian contempt for doublespeak, and heavy, unsubtle, and sometimes very effective humor, especially when answering readers' complaints in one of his occasional rainy-day columns. The style may be Chicago, or what is perceived of as Chicago. But the appeal is universal, because he hits chords common to all of us—bartenders, executives, ballplayers, steam fitters, professors, cab drivers, cat owners, Yuppies, Guppies, Puppies—and yes, poor dears, even procrastinating writers. They're not always the same chords. But all of us respond to some of them.

At times, Royko can be very funny indeed, especially when dealing with what he identifies as life's real curses, among them "the rush-hour traffic jam, flavorless tomatoes, devious politicians, or goofs who talk during movies," not to mention the inability of science to eliminate the hangover or develop a healthful martini.

But at other times, at least for a few faithful readers, the humor is less successful and the satire somewhat strained. This is frequently the case when he discusses national politics or when he consults his personas, of whom the Dr. Kookie of the title is perhaps the least successful.

Dr. I. M. Kookie, author of the *Book of Kook*, the history of how earth came to be an asylum for a distant planet, is "one of the world's leading experts on a lot of things." When Royko needs an opinion on something apparently irrational or contradictory—why in the age of the feminist ascendancy, for instance, men still help women on with their coats, or hold cab doors for them, or stand when they enter a room—he goes to Dr. Kookie for the answer. The problem is Royko doesn't really need Dr. Kookie, any more than Westbrook Pegler needed George Spelvin. He is sufficiently funny, structured, and satirical without him.

But that's a quibble, and one man's two-best and one-acceptable week's columns needn't be another's. Royko hits a chord and he knows how to play it, and that chord transcends local or regional considerations, as well as considerations of class or caste.

If you live in one of those provincial outposts like New York or San Francisco where little is known about such things as fine dining, proper drinking, salubrious climates, or the annual death agony of the Cubs, where Royko's column is not available, you would do well to buy this collection. □

Call of the Wild

GEORGE SIM JOHNSTON

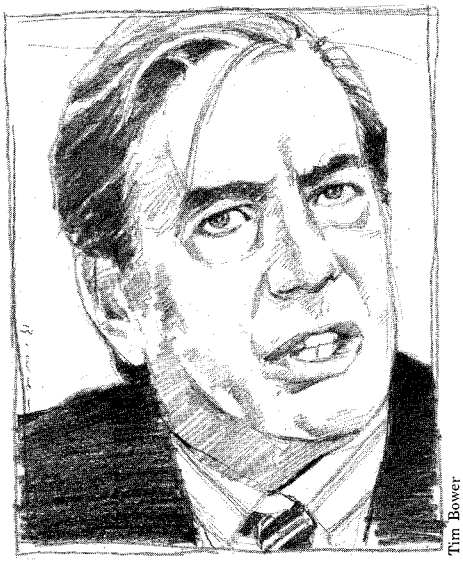
The Storyteller, by Mario Vargas Llosa (Farrar, Straus, 246 pp., $17.95)

"DON'T CANT about savages," Johnson admonished Boswell when his friend quoted Rousseau about the superiority of primitive cultures. Boswell's nostalgia for mud huts and bamboo poles was typical of the Enlightenment. This was the daydream side of modernity; Rousseau was its avatar. Today ethnologists tell us that primitive tribes aren't much different from the Harvard faculty; but there are still plenty of lost souls in the West who see primitive culture as a kind of homeopathic cure for the contradictions of modernity.

Mario Vargas Llosa explores this mentality in his new novel *The Storyteller*. Much of his fiction thus far has been a protest against the degradations of "progress" in South America. "At what precise moment had Peru f----d itself up?" he asks in *Conversation in the Cathedral*, perhaps the most famous sentence in modern Latin American literature. But Vargas Llosa himself is a European-style intellectual who is not about to go off and run naked in the forest. He is, in fact, running for president of a country that is in far worse shape than when he asked that question in 1969.

As in several previous novels, the narrator of *The Storyteller* is an ironic, cultured type not unlike Vargas Llosa himself. Back in the Fifties in Lima, he had been friendly with a Jewish student named Saul, who was obsessed with a certain primitive tribe that kept moving deeper into the Peruvian jungle to avoid contact with modern civilization. The friend disappeared, and now, years later, the narrator spots him in a photograph of this tribe. Saul has apparently gone entirely native and become a "storyteller" who keeps the Machiguenga Indian culture going by preserving its collective memories.

The photograph gives the narrator a deep nostalgia for a time when storytelling meant something. He sets himself a problem—"how primitive man with a magico-religious mentality would go about telling a story." The result is long chapters in which we enter the mind of Saul as he travels with the tribe. This part of the novel reads like Frazer's *The Golden Bough* on acid. Literary recreations of the archaic mind are seldom convincing. But the story of the narrator's growing fixation on Saul is done in the lighthearted manner of Vargas Llosa's delectable *Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter* (1977) and is very entertaining.


Tim Bower

The Storyteller is, in part, a meditation on the impact of "higher" civilization on primitive man. It puts before us the appalling exploitation that the West has visited on primitive peoples who were minding their own business. Vargas Llosa, however, does not take any cheap shots; in fact, he has pointed out before that the extermination of Indian tribes in Latin America was mainly the work of republican, not colonial, regimes. Such observations have not made him popular with fellow Latin American intellectuals.

On a deeper level, *The Storyteller*

Mr. Johnston is a freelance writer living in New York.

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plays with the same idea as Dostoyevsky's "The Dream of a Ridiculous Man." Was modernity a Second Fall? Did man lose something deep and subtle when he engineered his way out of a dependence on both God and the whims of nature? In this view, even the best-intentioned linguists and anthropologists can infect primitive peoples like a plague bacillus. They only have to stand there with their ballpoints and tape recorders to corrupt the inner being of their subjects.

In his usual ironic manner, Vargas Llosa poses some large questions then shies away from them. "One of the problems of our ever-so-powerful culture," the narrator's friend says at one point, "is that it's made God superfluous." Is this good or bad? Vargas Llosa lets the question hang. He keeps his distance from religion in Paul Tillich's sense of it as the "ultimate concern." Given the big themes Vargas Llosa likes to play with, his refusal to search out the hidden principle of things constitutes a kind of metaphysical sloth.

This may be why, although he has made some large narrative efforts, he does not quite measure up as a major novelist. You need only compare his novel on South American radicals, *The Real Life of Alejandro Mayta* (1984), with Dostoyevsky's *The Possessed*. The Vargas Llosa novel is full of sound observations and amusing ironies, but makes no attempt to explore the wellsprings of political nihilism.

But the fact that Vargas Llosa even suggests such a comparison is a measure of his intellectual curiosity. He makes the current crop of American novelists, who seldom write about anything larger than themselves, seem like the "regional" school in this hemisphere. □

FILM

Wild Life

JOHN SIMON

THE BEAR, by Jean-Jacques Annaud, based on *The Grizzly King* by James Oliver Curwood, takes place in the Canadian Rockies, but was shot in the Bavarian Alps. The big grizzly is played (mostly) by Bart, a Kodiak; the male bear cub—species unspecified—is played (mostly) by Youk, a female. Youk's mother, who dies and leaves our hero an orphan, is enacted (mostly) by a bear skin. But do not get the notion that the movie is unduly manipulative and specious. An adult film for intrepid children, a children's film for deserving adults, *The Bear* is one of those thrilling movies where you wonder how on earth the director could get such performances out of two bears, a puma, and even a frog.

From his frequent collaborator, Gérard Brach, Annaud elicited a first-rate script, except for one rather too cute scene in which the cub, having eaten hallucinogenic mushrooms, has a fantasy that is the only obviously anthropomorphic passage in the film. Otherwise, the story of how little bear finds and succors wounded big bear, loses his mighty friend when some hunters stalk the big fellow, and gets him and his protection back just as a murderous puma is about to do him in, feels completely fresh and believable, regardless of what human or ursine formulas may underlie it. And Annaud worked so closely with his four-footed actors that one mauled him fairly seriously. The human performers, though, emerge appropriately more brutish than the beasts, but, in the end, both bears and men learn to forbear.

There is something exhilarating about the mountains as shot almost too refulgently by Philippe Rousselot (the cinematographer of the hour) and about all their creatures, directed here with enough wilderness to de-Disnify the proceedings. Philippe Sarde, who for years now has been the composer of choice in French cinema, is not really that good (think of Honegger, Auric, Thiriet, Jaubert), but at least he is not so gross as some of his colleagues. And there is something irresistible about a bear: the powerful build gliding with the grace of certain fat people; the billowing of the fur and the ripple of sunlight on it; the speed and dignity of the beast—something that only the elephant can match, but the hippo, rhino, or tapir never.

■ *My Left Foot* is a good, strong, unsen-

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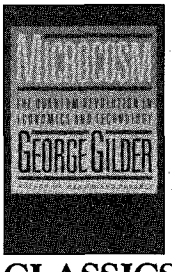

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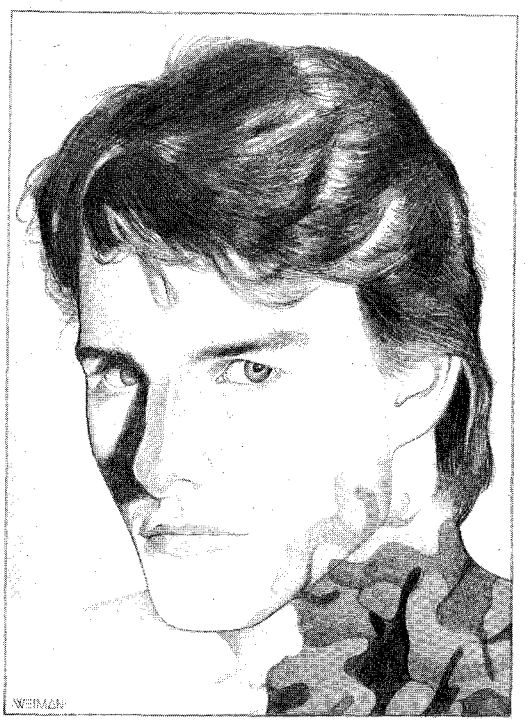
timental portrayal of Christy Brown, the Irish lad afflicted with cerebral palsy who grew up to be an acclaimed writer and painter—with his left foot, the only part over which his brain had control—and the husband of Mary Carr, a nurse supererogatorily assigned to watch over him. One of 13 surviving children in an impoverished Dublin family, Christy had a particularly staunch and supportive mother and an enlightened doctor, Eileen Cole, who helped him enormously, but set him back when she couldn't reciprocate his romantic feelings.

The story—as written by Jim Sheridan and Shane Connaughton, and directed by Sheridan—is one of those near-documentary treatments of stubborn courage triumphing over immense obstacles; it is told with grim honesty and raffish humor. Some reviewers have objected that it does not address the crippling role the Catholic Church plays (in their view) in Irish life, forcing a poor mother to keep giving birth to endless children, who then have to grow up in increasing poverty unless they die in infancy. That may be true, but it does not belong in *this* film; more troubling, I think, is the film's failure to note that Christy Brown choked to death on his Christmas dinner in 1981, at age 49. But the filmmakers are clearly more concerned with an inspirational happy ending than with the somewhat Pyrrhic victory that was the truth.

Still, the film is a considerable achievement, notably for Daniel Day Lewis. The actor immersed himself in the leading part both thrcugh previous study and by living in a wheelchair throughout the shooting; the result is a performance of awesome authenticity leavened by the roguish, iconoclastic wit Day Lewis conveys so well. He is backed up here by an extraordinary supporting cast, all of whom are fine, and some of whom—the late Ray McAnnally as the bitter father, Brenda Fricker as the indomitable mother, and Hugh O'Conor as the boy Christy—are outstanding. It is the kind of film that can help you not give up on the human race; its not being fiction adds the final fillip to a story with plenty of punch.

■ Another remarkable movie also features a hero in a wheelchair: *Born on the Fourth of July*, by Oliver Stone. I have been anything but a fan of this director, but the new film, an adaptation by him and Ron Kovic of the latter's autobiography, is a gripping, unrelenting but extremely powerful work, whose shortcomings evaporate from the memory, but whose strengths are indelible. Kovic comes from a Long Island blue-collar family, and grew up to be a typical American boy with inordinate faith in his country, his Catholic upbringing, and his family, especially Mom, whose sermons about Communist danger in Vietnam contributed to his enlisting in the Marines, leaving



his girlfriend behind, and shipping off to Nam.

Scenes from Ron's childhood (the kids playing realistic war games, the little girlfriend full of love for Ron, the Fourth of July parade in Massapequa that coincidentally celebrates Ron's own birthday) artfully paint an American idyll that Norman Rockwell would have envied. But even here, there is a worm in the apple; in a somewhat later sequence, Ron loses a high-school wrestling match and cries like a baby. And Tom Berenger, as a recruiter for the Marines, is too steelily perfect for comfort: if the Rock of Gibraltar came to life, he could outwrestle it. Ron goes off to war directly from the prom where he and his girl (Kyra Sedgwick, insipidly sweet) chugalugged love's young dream.

The Vietnam sequences may be more frightening than anything in *Platoon*: the raid on a supposedly Cong-infested village that results in the butchering of civilians and a baby; the fighting in a cloud of confusion, during which Ron kills one of his buddies; Ron's attempt to ease his conscience by confessing to an officer who insultingly brushes him off with a blanket absolution; Ron getting shot in the spine more palpably than I can recall experiencing in any film; the field hospital in which mass amputations are hallucinatorily performed by a few, overworked medics with little or no anaesthesia; and more, still more.

But for intimate horror nothing can surpass the scenes in the Bronx Veterans' Hospital: understaffed and rat-infested, the mostly black personnel shooting up behind not even locked doors, the antiquated equipment failing and nearly costing Ron one of his nonfunctional but still precious legs. Particularly shattering, however, are Ron's fanatical yet hopeless efforts to regain the use of his legs through maniacal exercise, and the utter frustration when it all fails. Even so, Ron returns to his family a still dedicated American and ex-Marine, although his mother almost can't face her paraplegic son and his father now seems more ineffectual than ever. And for understated social criticism, little can equal the Fourth of July parade at which Ron, riding in full regalia in a car, keeps saluting but twitches painfully each time a firecracker goes off.

Tom Cruise, to my surprise, is intense and searching as Ron, impressive as he slowly, ineluctably turns from clean-cut hawk into rebellious, hirsute hippie war protestor. And every scene involving Raymond J. Barry as the well-meaning, befuddled father, and Caroline Kava as the angry, punitive, forever uncomprehending mother, is beautifully acted and almost unbearably painful yet absolutely necessary. I can't think of another American movie in which gaping family rifts are portrayed with such unblinking, gritty honesty.

Bizarrely disturbing but also highly revealing are the sequences in a paraplegic American expatriate colony somewhere in Mexico that involves the disgruntled, seedy Ron with an even more embittered fellow paraplegic, incisively played by Willem Dafoe, and a local prostitute who claims she can give him sexual

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satisfaction. The most searing scene has Cruise and Dafoe, having caught a cabbie trying to cheat them, dumped by him, wheelchairs and all, in a near-desert Mexican landscape, where they might easily have perished. How they fight, get overturned in their chairs, hurl impotent imprecations at each other—two tiny figures amid a starkly awe-inspiring nature—is fraught with nothing less than metaphysical significance.

Yet even this scene is dwarfed by Ron's trip down South to visit the exiguous family of the boy he shot and confess to them. This is one of those scenes in which a forgiveness that passes understanding breaks your heart: all that goodness in people going unrewarded, with no medals for the most self-lacerating candor, the almost superhuman gift of pardon. Love it or hate it, this is a film you cannot afford to pass by.

■ *The War of the Roses*, written by Michael Leeson and directed by Danny DeVito, is about the marriage of Oliver and Barbara Rose (Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner, both good) that is breaking up, but Oliver, a lawyer, finds a legal basis for not moving out of the highly desirable family house. It becomes a major battleground, each spouse trying to drive the other out of it and, preferably, his or her mind as well, by ever more diabolical maneuvers. The story is told as a warning by DeVito, a divorce lawyer, to a client, a cautionary tale that tickles your funnybone even as it chills your blood.

Much remains underdeveloped and unpersuasive, but individual scenes have a grisly humor and ghastly fascination. The final sequence, with infighting carried to its logical though improbable conclusion, doesn't work, but even so it contains a dazzling last touch. Two things particularly distinguish the film. One is its unabashed nastiness, opening up a new, hairy, but legitimate area for American movies. The other, not good, is that after the family dog has been dispatched in very funny fashion, we see a throwaway shot of him alive and well. There is only one thing the American public will not take: a crime against its sacred tutelary beast, Fido, Rover, or Checkers. Even mom can be thrown off the train, but Snoopy is above attack. □

HORNE

(Continued from page 30)

he had been grievously libeled. Tolstoy declared that he was bankrupted. An appeal is reported to be pending.

However grievous the libel committed, it was the grotesque scale of the damages chiefly that left a bad taste in the mouth by trial's end. Aldington, it was argued, a rich man, would have been contented with no more than £150,000 and vindication.

Meanwhile, on the wider issues thrown up by the case, there is still much discomfort in Britain. Tolstoy, in pursuit of this grail, has ruined himself; one journalist likened the Count to "Prince Rupert, charging the rabble. Now he has been reminded what happens to lone cavaliers." But, at least, and at hideous cost to himself—as well as great pain to Lord Aldington and Harold Macmillan—he did achieve his declared ambition of getting the tragedy of 1945 publicly aired.

Had Tolstoy triumphed, the implications would have been quite immense. Those in the Foreign Office currently involved in the decision to repatriate the Vietnamese "Boat People" would doubtless now be suffering sleepless nights. Britain's (and America's) role in the Nuremberg Trials would be deeply in question.

Repeatedly in Courtroom 13 the judge, Michael Davies reminded the jury that this was *not* a war-crimes trial. Yet at times it certainly seemed like that. It was not the place for such a judgment to passed, and doubtless the historical argument will continue. But if a war crime had indeed been committed by Britain in 1945, then the jury's verdict made it plain that it was *not* the Aldingtons and Macmillans who were guilty, but all who were responsible for Yalta, from Churchill and Eden downward. In all his obsessiveness, however, Tolstoy failed to recognize one fundamental truth, nor (at least during the days when I was there) was the point ever made as forcefully as it should have been in Courtroom 13: namely, that it was not the British, but the corrupt and brutal Communist regimes of Stalin and Tito, which actually carried out the torture and executions of the wretched repatriates of 1945. This has to be where any tortuous parallel to Nuremberg breaks down. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

1 O	2 E	3 T	4 I	5 G	6 N	7 A	8 C		9 F	10 J	11 M	12 B	13 D		14 O	15 T		16 R
17 I	18 K	19 C	20 H	21 M	22 A		23 T	24 I	25 O		26 I	27 T	28 D	29 B	30 F	31 G	32 J	33 E
34 M	35 L	36 A		37 O	38 P	39 S	40 T	41 C	42 E	43 B	44 R	45 F		46 N	47 Q		48 K	
49 I	50 T	51 H	52 G	53 P	54 C		55 L	56 N	57 O	58 J	59 E	60 I		61 M	62 R	63 B	64 G	
65 E	66 K		67 T	68 J	69 H	70 P		71 N	72 F	73 C		74 M	75 G	76 K	77 S	78 T	79 I	80 B
81 J		82 Q	83 M	84 F	85 D		86 F	87 N	88 G	89 D	90 S	91 H		92 D	93 I	94 T	95 O	
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	112B	113H	114P		115L	116I	117S	118C		119F	120I	121K	122J	123D	124R		125H	126I
	127J	128O	129E		130M	131N	132I	133F	134Q	135B		136T	137Q	138L		139G	140O	141T
142L		143K	144M	145F	146D	147I		148A	149P	150E	151N		152K	153O	154E	155A	156J	
157G	158P	159H	160D	161S		162A	163L	164C	165E	166R	167K		168O	169C	170P	171E		

DEFINITIONS

A. Liszt composition — 110 101 36 162 7 155 148 22

B. Roger Maris's record-book "star" — 80 99 112 29 12 43 135 63

C. Woodward/Bernstein source (2 words) — 118 73 19 106 8 104 41 164 169 54

D. Omnipresent — 146 92 89 160 100 107 123 13 28 85

E. A Barbie predecessor (2 words) — 171 59 150 165 65 129 42 33 2 154

F. 3-P.M.-to-midnight work period (2 words) — 119 133 102 84 45 30 72 145 86 9

G. Session with a reporter — 75 5 31 64 88 139 98 52 157

H. Culinary hot spot — 69 125 91 51 113 159 20

I. Chances — 132 17 26 120 49 147 24 126 116 60

79 93 4

J. Conservative, in mediaspeak (hyph.) — 32 68 122 10 127 156 58 81 103

K. Spat — 66 143 121 48 152 76 18 167

L. Southernmost city in continental U.S. (2 words) — 35 163 142 115 111 55 138

M. Wrong — 83 96 61 144 74 21 34 130 11

N. Capital of Ontario — 71 87 131 6 151 46 56

O. Ali was one — 128 140 37 57 95 168 153 14 1 108

25

P. Level of command — 70 38 158 114 170 149 53

Q. Close, poetically speaking — 137 134 47 82 109

R. Wild-west "oasis" — 124 16 166 97 62 44

S. Play component — 90 39 77 117 161

T. Troublemaker — 141 3 136 23 67 50 78 40 105 15

27 94

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 61 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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Bitter Victory

NEW YORK, JANUARY 3

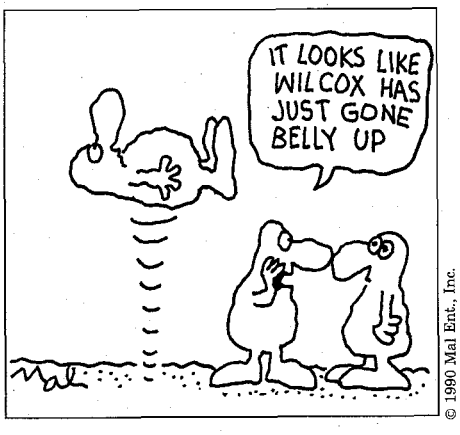
Suppose that at age 21 you were accused of a crime and convicted. The sentence was most unusual. You were not detained in a jail, but: you were deprived of freedom of speech, of freedom of movement, of freedom of assembly, of the right to private property, of the right to emigrate, and of the right to a job other than that specified by the state. Moreover, any infraction of these conditions could result in your being sent into punitive detention, and a serious infraction could result in your being executed. The sentence under these restraints was for 44 years.

All along, you pleaded (rather, you whispered—you could not afford to have anyone linked to the state overhear you), Not guilty. Suddenly, at age 65, it transpired that in fact you weren't guilty at all! But the idea of putting in to the state to compensate you for 44 years of misery is out of the question. You see, it happened to so many others, the state doesn't have the resources for compensation. Far from it, the state is dead broke, and you face a remaining lifetime of hard work, just to try to catch up with your neighbors in other countries. You see, you are a Czech. Or, if you prefer, a Pole. Or an East German. Or a Rumanian, or Bulgarian, or a Hungarian.

All the joy that has effloresced during the past few weeks and months is heartfelt: we are talking about 110 million people. But what these people ought not to have any appetite for is the little gurgles of self-satisfaction coming up from Western opinion-brewers to the effect of: "We told you it would all be okay if we just waited it out. The big danger was from trigger-happy American statesmen like John Foster Dulles. On the Eastern front, time was on our side, and we only had to sit it out, just as George Kennan hypothesized in his famous Containment article." Mr. Kennan played with the idea of ten or 15 years under Soviet rule.

The human tendency is to forget past suffering, especially if one was somehow responsible for it. The Jewish community, quite properly, will never let the world forget about the Holocaust. By contrast, not one in five hundred Americans could answer the question, How many Ukrainians were starved to death by Stalin in 1932–33?, and not one in one thousand would know that that figure is higher than the figure of those killed during the Holocaust. One wonders how many Oliver Stones, during the next ten years, will devote their splendid energies to dramatizing the fate of Eastern Europe and indeed of the Soviet Union during these years, a calamity at least as compelling as Vietnam. We lost 58,000 in Vietnam, a tragic war which, however, if we had won it, might have spared the lives of two million Cambodians, and several hundred thousand Laotians and Vietnamese—and might have spared all of Indochina the kind of existence they are condemned to now. Exactly the same kind of existence as Eastern Europe has only just now liberated itself from.

Who are those who should take credit? Back in the early Fifties, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles gave a speech in which he spoke hopefully of rolling back the Communists in Europe. That speech terrified the accommodationists, who pictured Dulles as a Strangelove, lusting for a new world war. Although the Democratic Party joined in a bipartisan effort to mount and maintain sufficient defensive forces to diminish the Soviet appetite for expansion, after Vietnam (and after the death of Senator Henry Jackson) the appetite was laggard. And the noisiest Democrats cheered every move to disparage the Pentagon and, in effect, to forget about Eastern Europe. It was above all Ronald Reagan who turned the tide, so that the sentence of the Eastern Europeans came to an end after 44 years. He did this by building up the military, by conceiving of Star Wars, by introducing cruise and Pershing missiles into Europe against the howls and screams of the Left; and by giving the Afghans the matériel necessary to stop an invading Russian army.



We can sleep better, knowing that our cousins have regained their freedom. But there is no way we can laugh away what actually happened, for 44 years, to these 110 million people. They were the casualties of Western diplomacy. In that sense, we were partners with the Soviet Union in ruining their lives. □

How to Do It in Latin America

NEW YORK, JANUARY 8

During the weekend, General Scowcroft and Mr. Eagleburger went to some lengths to soothe Latin American public opinion on a number of questions, primarily, whether the United States is likely to invade Nicaragua, to which the official answer is, So help me God, No! There is the objection that, after all, we invaded Panama because Noriega defied the democratic verdict of the nation's voters, and it is entirely possible that Nicaragua, under the Sandinistas, will do exactly the same thing, so if you act as you did in Panama, why wouldn't you also be prompted to act in Nicaragua? To which our official answer is that Panama is "unique." Right. So is Nicaragua unique, only more so, in that unlike Panama, Nicaragua is trying to subvert democracy among her neighbors, and is an arm of the ongoing Communist enterprise. But never mind, Panama is unique—you know, like, Tierra del Fuego is unique, which is also true.

Observers of the Latin American scene, particularly those who know something of the Latin American temperament, must be careful to swivel-hip their way through the slalom course of diplomacy. Here are the givens in the situation. 1) The Latin American people are a proud race, much scarred by a long history of imperialism, during three hundred years of which they played a role in Latin America, in respect of Spain, not much different from the role Americans played in respect of Great Britain. In the

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nineteenth and twentieth centuries, the U.S. got into the imperialist act, e.g., in Cuba, Mexico, and Nicaragua. 2) Latin Americans are not very good at democracy. Bolivia recently endured its 192nd coup d'état, which is 192 times as many coups as the United States has had. Latin Americans are both emphatic on the virtues of democracy, and nonchalant about its practice. They do not welcome U.S. intervention in their political proceedings, even though they put great emphasis on the importance of democracy. 3) The United States is the dominant power in this hemisphere and needs to accept responsibilities that no other hemispheric power can possibly accept. We have not been very good at discharging these responsibilities since the collapse of the Monroe Doctrine, which was the doing of John Kennedy when he agreed to let Fidel Castro stay on, presiding over a Soviet satellite. We got rid of Grenada only by an executive blitzkrieg—if President Reagan had asked Congress for permission, he'd probably have failed to get it, even as Congress has failed to grant the power to take decisive action in Nicaragua, which might have been taken through the Contras and never needed direct U.S. military intervention.

Given the above, United States policy makers have got to decide a) What are our absolutely essential interests? And then b) How can we secure those interests without inflaming opposition from Latin America in general, and from individual leaders in particular?

The storm over our drug flotilla raises these questions pointedly. Our position is that Colombia is the main choke point through which Peruvian, Bolivian, and Colombian cocaine flows into the U.S. We have done a great deal to help the government of Colombia fight the drug cartel, which has pitched that country into something very much like a civil war. But last week we failed to swivel our diplomatic hip, announcing that something very much like the flotilla dispatched to conquer Okinawa was going down to park outside Colombian waters to monitor airborne and seaborne traffic headed for the American addiction market. The disposition to use our Navy to curb Colombian drug exports is entirely consistent with Colombia's official efforts to tamp down the drug trade. But the idea of a huge naval force perched outside its waters was much too much for Colombian pride, and the reaction was a sharp negative.

What to do under the circumstances? Clutch into the oleaginous mode. . . . Of course, Señor Presidente, Señor Ministro, Señor Embajador, we have absolutely no intention of sending down the fleet if that would affront you—it was all a great mistake the way the signal went out. What we want is a *joint* naval exercise, the United States Navy *together with* the Colombian Navy—correction, the Colombian Navy together with the U.S. Navy—to combine our military and moral forces to battle the common enemy of the Colombian and American people.

That kind of thing. The same mode by which everything is accomplished in Oriental diplomacy, where zigzag conversation is the way in which straight lines are drawn. Class dismissed. □

Okay, Okay, I'm Coming

NEW YORK, JANUARY 5

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph! Why in the name of my sainted mother didn't I say yes? Just last October! Life in Spain, guaranteed safe conduct, but no, Tony—I like the way the gringos refer to me as "Tony"—no, Tony, you say the hell with the gringos, the hell with George Bush, I'm the boss here in Panama, and now look at it! Goddam room, fit for a monk, which I'm not. Hm. Should I offer to become a monk? Aw shutup, Tony. You're up against it now. Tomorrow, noon, old Laboa said, man-of-God, huh, he was always after my a—oops, mustn't use language like that in a Vatican building. That cross up in the wall will reach out and hit me over the head. Hit me over the head . . . *Et tu*, oh Father.

Everybody wants to hit me over the head. Two phone calls a day they allow me. This morning I called Felicidad—better idea, from the Vatican, call your wife, not your mistress. And what does she say to me? She says, Papa, did you see the television of the demonstration outside the building you're in? And I say, No, stupid, I didn't see it because the television in the two-meter by two-meter cubicle they have me stuck in doesn't work, and don't think I think that's an accident, I'm no fool. They pretend they can't get anybody to fix the television because nobody is allowed into the building except maybe an American tank commander, but I know, it's part of that whole god—Oh! almost did it again. I said to her, and I don't mind that his most excellent glorious holy saintly Monsignor Laboa, Nuncio to His Holiness Pope John the Last, I hope, is probably listening in. Who do they think I am, a dumb peasant? I know what they are, students of the Inquisition, bright lights, and then that music, call it music—Felicidad says the television reports the group they play over and over again is called in Yankeeland, Twisted Sister, wish I could twist those sisters, just once is all it would take. And then Felicidad says to me, dumb bitch, Why is the crowd showing you hanging by your heels, with a sign under it says something about Mussolini, who was Mussolini? I mean—you wonder I need Vicki? Shoot me and hang me up by the heels . . .

And then of course those brave weak-kneed Spaniards say suddenly after all they don't want me, and so His Snot Laboa comes in, his every-two-hours call, to tell me one more possibility has been eliminated. And then this morning—how long before the ultimatum was that? Hm. About 8:30 this morning, to tell me the Yankees aren't going to let me leave Panama except to go to Miami, so, says His Crapola, maybe I should consider surrendering to the government? Yes. And Mussolini should consider surrendering to the partisans.

Yes yes. They have it all figured out. The only way to go. Miami. Father Javier, the only honest priest in Panama—he says he will pray for me every day, what the idiot doesn't know is that people who say that are saying you need a lot of prayer. Well, I guess I do. But Father Javier is right that they're not going to shoot me in Miami, and what they're charging me with doesn't call for execution. Assuming I was guilty. Hahr hahr hahr. Guilty . . . My dear Mike Harari, flower of Israel, reminded me before I came into this black hole that lawyers in American can accomplish miracles. But then I have plenty of *plata*, nice, 24-carat *plata*, I can use. Plenty of money will be available to pay the best lawyers, and there is a nice constitutional question, Mike says, the business about trying me in America for what I did in Panama, I mean what I didn't do in Panama. Wonder what it's like in prison in Miami? Well, it can't be worse than this miserable cell. If I say okay, okay, take me to the god—there I go again—take me to the gringos, but by God I am going to go dressed as a general, and I am going to be escorted by the head gringo—or I won't go. Just that simple. When I think of it, I could have been, right now, on a beach in Marbella. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, what an assh—Watch it, Tony. Watch it from now on. Well, I'll go pound on the door, bring him in, say, Okay, okay, *vaya con Díos, Excellency.* □

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OFF THE RECORD

■ Liberal infighting may block socialized day care for yet another year. Our story so far: House Democrats have been backing the radical Act for Better Child Care (ABC), initiated by Senator Chris Dodd (D., Conn.) and supported by the usual suspects, including Mrs. Marion Wright Edelman, one of the capital's top lobbyists and head of the Children's Defense Fund. However, normally liberal representatives Tom Downey (D., N.Y.) and George Miller (D., Calif.) joined colleagues on the Ways and Means Committee in supporting a somewhat less ambitious version, which would avoid creating a new Federal bureaucracy. Both versions went to House–Senate Conference, but the Ways and Means Democrats wouldn't back down. To avoid internecine warfare, Speaker Tom Foley killed both versions, whereupon Mrs. Edelman tried to read Downey and Miller out of the, well, movement. In a remarkable November 14 memo to the two apostates, Mrs. Edelman opens, "Re: Your continuing private guerilla war to kill child-care legislation this year and to defeat ABC," and continues with three consecutive paragraphs beginning, "*Is having it all your way or nothing* worth . . ."

Foley has promised a day-care bill this year, but the fat lady hasn't sung yet. The Ways and Means Comittee, its Republicans happily included, replied to Mrs. Edelman in its own memo: "We were disturbed by the personal nature of [your] attack, and the fact that the apparent purpose of it was to bully two members of Congress into supporting a policy with which they don't agree. . . ." Meanwhile, Mrs. Edelman began the new year with a memo to the day-care advocacy network explaining that, "the Downey/Miller proposal slashes hundreds of millions of dollars from [ABC] and jeopardizes its health and safety protections"—i.e., the prospective federal bureaucracy—and calling for a January 25 "Telephone Blitz" in support of the bill. Apparently she's determined to have her own way—or nothing. Since Ways and Means remains one of the most powerful committees on the Hill, there's a good chance it will be the latter.

■ On the affirmative-action front, the Supreme Court will shortly decide its first case involving federal minority preference programs. Metro Broadcasting, Inc., is suing the Federal Communications Commission over its policy of favoring women and minority applicants for broadcast licenses. The decision could result in the abolishment of this and a slew of other government-sponsored affirmative-action programs, *and* it could overrule the congressional practice of preventing federal agencies from analyzing policies and programs our elected representatives do not want scrutinized. The FCC had been considering a reversal of its minority preference policy when Congress passed an appropriations bill containing a rider prohibiting the agency from using federal funds to do so.

These so-called "muzzling laws" are a convenient way for Congress to chase away anyone who sneaks into the barnyard and begins sniffing around the pork barrel. Lawyers for Metro Broadcasting are expected to raise the question of the constitutionality of muzzling laws, in which case it will be the first time the Court has ever considered the issue.

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"Broadly speaking, and give or take a few infelicities in syntax, spelling, or punctuation, is that substantially what you said?"

■ President Bush has quietly thrown down the gauntlet in his battle to obtain a line-item veto. In signing the Treasury Appropriations bill, the President rejected a portion of it, saying in his signing statement that he will hereafter treat the offending provisions as "having no legal force or effect in this or any other legislation in which they appear." It's the first time a President has ever attempted an item veto, although legal experts have been debating for some time whether or not the Constitution implicitly gives the President the right.

A bold move, but not terribly risky. As former Reagan Administration attorney Gregory Sidak says, "If Congress does nothing he's won, if somebody sues the President and the court upholds it he wins, and if the court strikes it down he's no worse off."

■ The massacre of unarmed students in Tiananmen Square might have caused the U.S. to improve relations with the other China, Taiwan—especially in light of the fact that Taiwan has recently held free elections, and has one of the most exhilarating free markets in the world. Alas, clever minds at Foggy Bottom don't work that way. High-level visits to Peking have ended the quarantine on China, but the diplomatic isolation of Taiwan continues–in well defined detail.

Several high officials, including National Security Affairs Advisor Brent Scowcroft, recently received a memo reminding them to deal at arm's length with representatives of Taiwan. Secretary of State Baker's office justifies the memorandum as "working guidelines for maintaining a relationship within an unofficial framework." The memo goes so far as to instruct officials how *not* to refer to the other China: "The U.S. Government no longer refers . . . to Taiwan as a 'country' or a 'government.' We refer to Taiwan simply as Taiwan and to its leadership as 'the Taiwan authorities.' " What's next? 'The U.S. Government no longer refers to the *killing* of unarmed students as a massacre. . . ." —CATO

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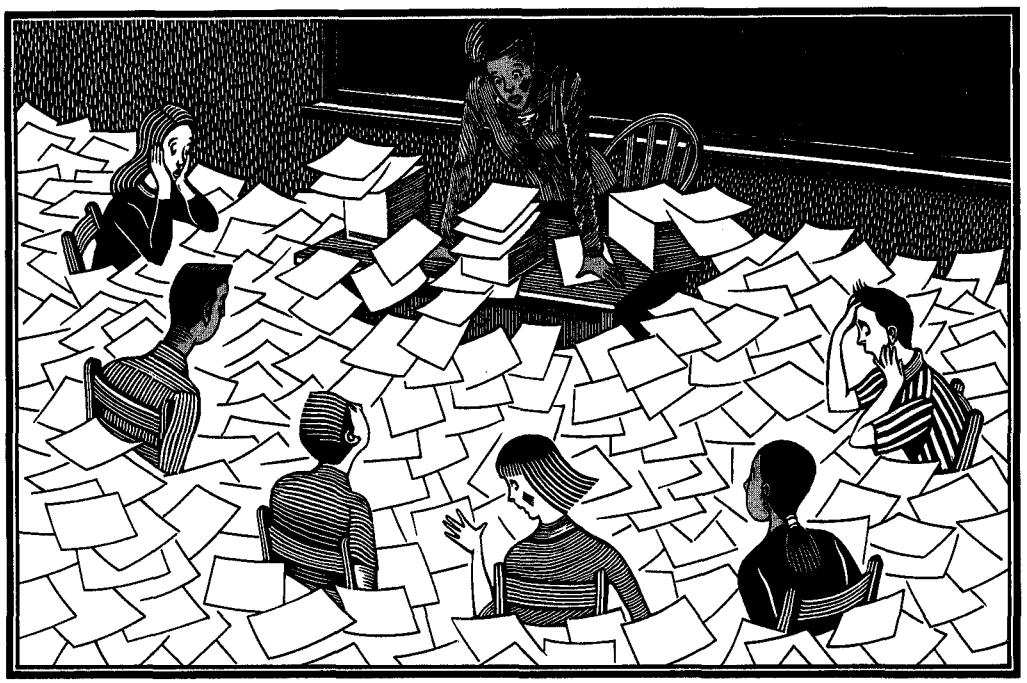

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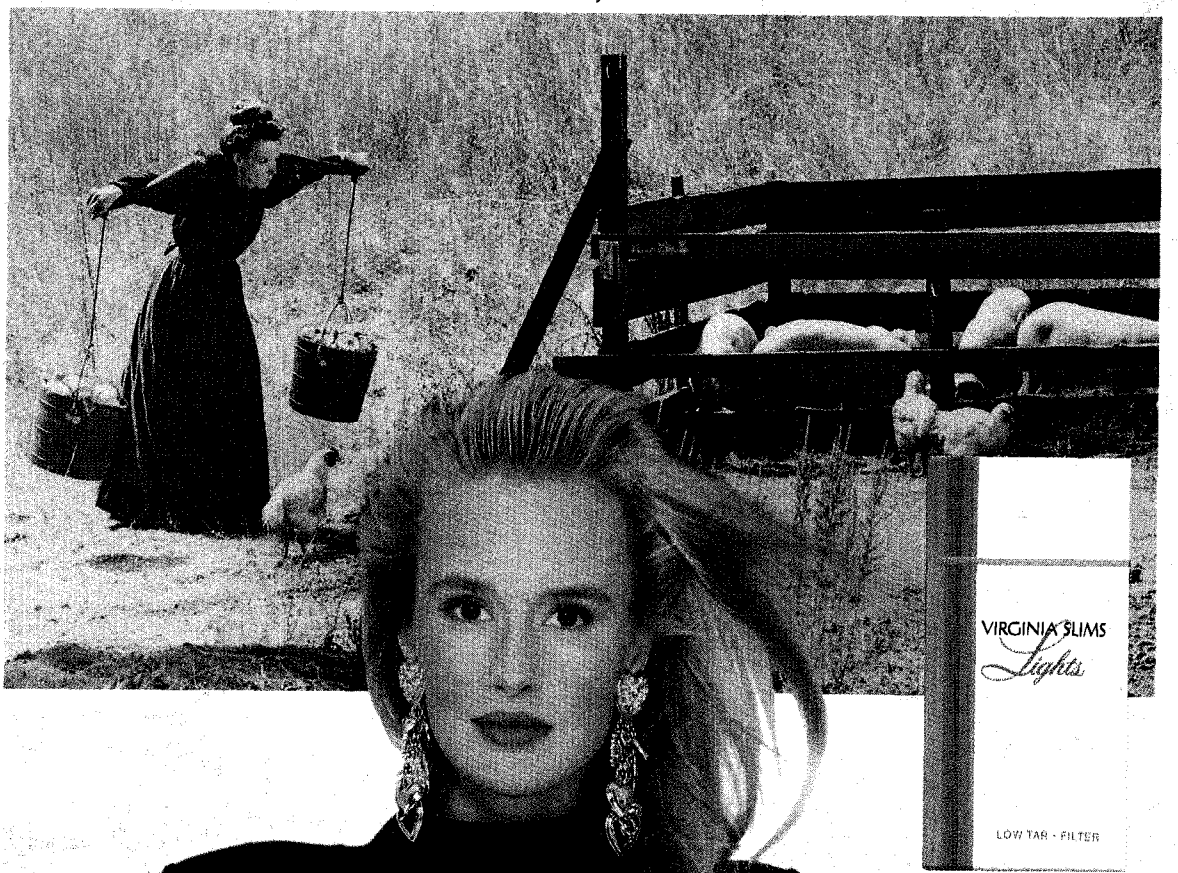
The men of 1910 admired a woman with a lot of backbone.



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